THE UNHEARD CRY

BY JOE F. SULLIVAN

Class HV3011
Book .S8
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS FAITHFUL TEAM

THE

UNHEARD CRY

By JOE F. SULLIVAN

SMITH & LAMAR
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
1914

HV3011
S8

Copyright, 1914
by
Joe F. Sullivan

All Rights Reserved

SEP 26 1914
$1.50
©CLA379711
20.1

JC. J. Sep. 30 '14

To

MY SAINTED MOTHER

PREFACE.

Six months ago the author of this little volume had not thought of attempting to write a book. The decision to do so came about not long since as the result of his receiving hundreds of encouraging letters from all over the Nation in response to a series of articles by him on the need of education for the crippled which appeared in several of the leading newspapers of the South last winter and spring. The greater number of these letters were written by thinking people—preachers, professors, politicians, and parents—who invariably admitted that they had never thought of the matter in the light shown to be true by the articles mentioned. Therefore, in this book the author has made an effort to portray the real and unjust conditions under which the Cripples exist to-day. No attempt, however, has been made to play upon the sympathy by relating touching stories of the trying ordeals undergone by

those passing under the rod. Just an earnest plea is offered, supplemented by a few facts that ought to open the eyes of the American people to the magnitude and effect of their most disgraceful neglect. In publishing this book no desire is entertained for literary glory, but, instead, the author hopes that a favorable response may be had relative to agitating the adoption of some sort of educational system for the physically handicapped, which is so sorely needed for the purpose of clearing away the many almost insurmountable obstacles that confront them in every direction.

HEBER SPRINGS, ARK., July 1, 1914.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Unheard Cry	13
The Voice of Nature	28
Who Loves the Cripple?	42
Shall We Educate or Exterminate the Cripple?	55
The Mission of the Cripple	70
The Ambition of the Cripple	75
The Possibilities of the Cripple	90
Pity Punishes the Cripple	102
The Cripples' Christmas	118
The Cripples' Industrial College	129
To a Cripple's Mother	142
What the Church and the State Mean to a Cripple	148
The Confession of a Cripple	160
A Pardonable Prophecy	170

INTRODUCTORY.

I FEEL complimented that I have been invited to furnish a short introduction to the author of "THE UNHEARD CRY." Two years ago I read a very thrilling account of his early life. My first correspondence with him was to write and ascertain if that striking account were authentic, as I wished to make special mention of it in my pulpit. Since then I have found it an honor and a pleasure to class Mr. Sullivan as my friend.

His life has been one of thrilling interest from the time he was stricken with paralysis at the age of four. Since that time he has educated himself and has made his support by the work of his facile pen. Before he was twenty-one years of age he was elected Mayor of his home town, receiving more votes than his two opponents put together. He not only furnishes us a thrilling and stimulating example of success under difficulties, but he

also has the faculty of inspiring in his readers high ideals and the determination for their practical fulfillment.

"The cry of the cripple" should appeal to all who hear it. For our author well says in this book that education is desirable for the strong and *absolutely necessary* for the weak. Certainly no education is complete which ignores the cripple, and a profession of religion is powerless which does not carry with it help for the helpless. Such religion may be very sound but very empty—as is the bass drum. It is indeed a noble work to change the "crippled charge" into a "crippled citizen."

It is my hope and prayer that our brilliant young author's efforts may be so rich in results that his most golden prophecy may be fulfilled.

REV. BEN COX,

Pastor of Central Baptist Church, Memphis.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the things as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!

—*Kipling.*

PART I.

THE UNHEARD CRY.

CRIES have ascended from everywhere since the creation of man, and most of them have been heard and answered. The first cry recorded was that which swelled the bosom and burst forth from the soul of Adam for a mate. It was answered in the form of Eve. The next cry that found a hearty response was that of Abel in the Garden of Eden. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground," said God to Cain as He justly inflicted the severe punishment upon the murderous brother in answer to the cry of Abel's spilled blood. Jesus upon the cross cried out in His agony unto God and asked if He had been forsaken. The earth trembled, the temple tottered and the rocks were rent in answer to the last cry of the Crucified One. And so on down through the vistas of time countless cries have con-

stantly ascended to the Almighty One who has ever been willing and ready to answer.

It is a God-given characteristic of mankind to answer the cry that reaches the ear and the heart. It was in response to the cry of the hungry and the homeless that Solon of Athens restored the Democracy to his people. It was the cry of the pirate-fearing seamen and traders for a safe route to India that caused and encouraged Columbus to brave the dangers of the unknown seas and to endure the many privations of a voyage that led to the discovery of the New World. It was the courageous cry for independence that gave birth to this Nation. And it was a similar cry that resulted in the freedom of the American Slave. The advanced progress of the age is but the material answer to the cry of humanity's needs.

Therefore history will justify the assertion that no worthy and well-founded cry has ever been offered in vain. For God and Man have always been eager to still

the cries of the censured, of the condemned, and of the suffering by removing the cause.

It is upon the mercy of the Almighty and the love and unselfishness of humanity that the hope for recognition and response of every cry is based. Thus the prime object of a just cry is to make itself heard.

But, however, deafened by the din and disturbance in the maddened race for riches, the world has not yet heard a certain cry that has ascended for years and years—one that has unfortunately died upon the threshold of recognition. The cry of the Cripple has been drowned by the clamor of the other classes, and, as a result, the whole world, and especially avaricious America, is overflowing with an army of distorted, disabled, and incapacitated pilgrims, who, as a class, are recognized by the public in general as superfluous humanity. Unfortunately, such recognition and regard are well founded, inasmuch as there are but few exceptions.

It does not require a statesman nor even a utilitarian to delve into the cause of the cry of this pitiable class of people, conspicuous everywhere for their uselessness and helplessness, and make it known to the world. Neither does it take a great politician or preacher to probe the matter and then preach a remedy.

As in everything else, it demands one who has had personal experience—one who knows the pangs of pain—one who has sat unnoticed by the wayside and watched the world go marching by in triumph, realizing at the time that his physical handicap added to his untrained mind prevented his going with the pompous procession—one who is sensitive to the excruciating torture inflicted by the daggers of discouragement and defeat, which deadly weapons are constantly sharpened by the unjust conditions allowed to exist by the thoughtless people of Christian America.

In his troubled heart, he who occupies

this unenviable, uncomfortable, unnoticed, and almost unbearable position alongside of this swarming, hustling thoroughfare of progress and success knows full well that were he educated and his God-given talent trained he would be able to join the rank and file and would keep pace with the rear guards, anyhow. Moreover, he realizes that his inability to enlist in this swiftly marching army of nation builders is due not so much to his helplessness, physically, as to his worthlessness, educationally, which latter deficiency is the direct cause of the unheard and unanswered cry of which we speak—the cry of the Cripple.

In every village and every hamlet and every town and every city scattered broadcast over this country lectures by master minds are delivered on the necessity and the value of education, and especially the so-called Christian education. Statistics are read and quoted to the eagerly attentive audiences, showing conclu-

sively what per cent. of the college graduates succeed in the activities of life in comparison with the meager success attained by those who are denied such thorough education. Special and complimentary mention is made of the forty-odd State universities, which in reality represent the galaxy of stars on our flag. The different religious denominations are highly and eloquently praised for their continuous and successful efforts along the line of establishing and maintaining great educational institutions in which millions of young folks will receive their mental culture in the years to come. These lecturers do not forget the deserved praise of the many millionaires who have endowed with countless millions numerous colleges and universities that bear their names.

These same speakers take the opportunity to tell of the millions of dollars expended annually for the education of the heathen in distant lands. A vivid picture of the miserable conditions of savagery is

painted upon the imagination of the audience by the brush of eloquence in the hands of an orator. As a specific example of proof of the helpful value of education to a heathen, they narrate in glowing language how some poor uncivilized being has been rescued from the bondage of an indescribable slavery in the land of the Cannibals and brought to America to be clothed and taught and cared for in the most tender and beneficial way; how he has grasped the opportunities offered and learned the beauties of Western civilization and returned to the land of his nativity to teach his poor brothers the way to an eternal life.

In short, they call attention to the cry of heathendom and echo it upon the highways, in the churches, on the streets, and everywhere in order that the people, who are more than willing and ready to stretch forth an arm of assistance, may hear it and respond. The result is that thousands

of souls are being beautified and saved in all parts of the uncivilized world.

Moreover, these mighty advocates of learning and Christianity plead for the education of the Negro, the Dumb, the Deaf, the Blind, and so on, and echo their respective cries for due consideration. The result is always what is desired and demanded.

But a cry that is feeble to begin with—a plaintive and pleading cry that is never stilled but always drowned by the deafening turmoil of the world—a cry whose sound has entered but few attentive ears and awakened a response—the cry of the Cripples, among whom are our brothers and sisters, our neighbors and unfortunate friends and acquaintances, our own flesh and blood—still ascends unheard and unanswered.

Do we feel that it would be wasting time and money to educate the Cripples and at the same time feel that we are doing God's wishes by sacrificing lives and expending

vast sums of money humanizing the heathen at the neglect of our own home? Or do we believe that we ought to lend help where help is needed and that no assistance is due the Cripples, inasmuch as they are useless to the commonwealth and repulsive to society? Are our thoughts so deluded as to prompt us to believe that we are doing the right thing when we shut our ears to the pleading of this particular class of unfortunates at our very door and allow our charitable and philanthropic proclivities to exercise such freedom as will touch and benefit lands unknown and unseen? How shall we expect to find justification for letting a person of our own locality, who possesses the brain of a genius but is deprived of the use of his limbs, linger on the roadside in the shade and rest and rust and hunger and beg and die in poverty, obscurity, without having had a single chance to realize the possibilities of life, while we devote our time, trouble, and money in trying to educate and help

the millions of heathen who are blessed with strength and health and most times happiness? Do we not feel that Right and Justice demand that some provision must be made whereby crippled children may have an opportunity to obtain an education? Is it not sound to reason that if an education is essential to the welfare and success of the child blessed with the greatest blessings of God—normal physique and strength—it is a thousand times more necessary for a child deprived of many of these blessings?

Think for a moment of the pathetic and pitiable condition of the physically handicapped persons who are uneducated—cut off from most of the amusements and pleasures of youth; burdens to their folks and friends; assisted from place to place, perhaps by unwilling hands; objects of pity and sometimes of aversion; their untutored minds and uncultured manners made the subject of jest and ridicule; without hope, happiness, or encouragement,

seemingly forgotten of heaven, their lot is, indeed, lamentable and miserable beyond description. But education changes this. The light of knowledge fills the soul, quickens the perception, exercises the higher faculties, unfolds and develops the entire nature, and thus the crippled fellow becomes the equal of his more fortunate brothers and sisters. But that is not all; it does vastly more—it refines the manners, does away with oddities and peculiarities; it encourages hope, awakens ambition, and teaches and enables him to earn his own bread and to know what independence means.

The person who has never paused to think may casually remark that the Cripple can attend the same schools that the normal students attend, which schools are numbered in the thousands. But such is not the case. It is true, if a Cripple is floundering in the fluffy wings of the eagle, if he has a rich father or inheritance, he can attend one of these great universities,

built and designed for those bodily perfect and not for the convenience and accommodation of the weak and imperfect one, by employing an attendant and defraying the doubled expense incurred on every hand on account of his afflictions. He will get along tolerably well—well enough in many instances to graduate at the head of his class. But, on the other hand, take the countless thousands of poor, almost helpless boys and girls, who compose the young but growing army of physical unfortunates, and among whom are many whose light of intellect would illumine the day if ignited by proper and necessary training and cultivation—take them for an example, and it will be seen that they are unable even to get a glimpse of the exterior of one of these numerous colleges —many times not so much on account of their physical shortcomings as on account of their shortness of finances.

Yes, there are thousands and thousands of young boys and girls in this country

who are pining in the regions where the clouds of affliction and adversity swing threateningly low and who proudly possess talents and ambitions for professions that necessitate college education. They are burdens to themselves as well as to those around them, so to speak, because they have at the present no real hope of ever receiving an opportunity to realize fully their natural capabilities and their cherished dreams. Why? Simply because the kind and sympathetic people of the Churches and other organizations have so far failed to see the need of the Cripple. The terrible oversight is due to the fact that the world has not heard their cry.

Thus the cry of the Cripple is no more, no less than an earnest and pathetic plea for a chance to make up for the physical deficiency by coming into possession of a thorough and practical mental training—the only exigency by which one so situated may cope successfully with the adversities and obstacles that confront one. In other

words, the courageous Cripple makes a plea to-day for help in order that he may help himself to-morrow; and this plea, which has so long gone forth from the heart and the soul of him, is for a system of education which will provide for his imperative needs and eventually liberate him from his bondage of ignorance and helplessness.

Such a system of education has been provided for every class of human unfortunates except the Cripples.

But the time is fast coming when the ears of the public will hear and the eyes will see and the hearts will be touched and the hands will be outstretched toward them who have been so long neglected. And when this not distant day comes, these handicapped boys and girls shall be educated in such manner and on such lines as will be best suited to their physical conditions and mental capabilities; they shall be trained to utilize to the fullest degree those members that are normal. The edu-

cation that shall be given them will be such as to enable them to face the future confidently and fearlessly, to shake their fists at defeat and discouragement.

And in that future day, when the wild voices of clamor and of avarice that now fill the air are hushed, when memory shall review this disgraceful period of history that records the utter neglect of the strong brother toward his weak brother, when the phantom forms of those thousands of maimed and marred young folks that were compelled to fill potter's graves because of no way of support appear before the mind's eye, when the unjust conditions have changed and the prophecies are fulfilled and the burning question, "AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?" is written in blazing letters upon the face of the Heavens—when that day comes, the people who refused to turn a deaf ear any longer to the cry of the Cripple will experience no compunction of conscience, nor will they feel guilty of the crime.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

WHERE there is life there is also the Voice of God. By life, human life alone is not meant, but the life of the lower creations as well. The trees, the flowers, all vegetation, serve as a medium of transmission for the Almighty Voice to the soul of man. In short, the mysterious Voice that conveys to us through Nature lessons and sermons of infinite worth is one of the greatest manifestations of God.

The beautiful revelations of Nature, through which the great Voice cries unto us with such force and conviction, enable us to choose our course and to follow it. They reveal to us the hidden beauties and latent possibilities of humanity and teach us to strive for a life worth while.

However, before we may obtain the full benefit of these Nature sermons or lessons, our minds must be in a receptive state, our hearts must be open to convic-

tion, and our souls must be in tune with the Infinite. For when we are in this condition the Voice is not inaudible nor does it speak in vain.

As a potential proof of this irrefutable assertion regarding the unfathomable powers of Nature's preaching, it will be pardonable to make mention of an actual experience that befell a certain young person whose whole course was consequently changed, insomuch that his aim in life became an irresistible determination to alleviate a deplorable condition that has so long confronted one particular class of unfortunates—the Cripples.

This experience came to him in the garb of Nature and spoke to him in language sublime. It was while he was a boy in his teens that he chanced to linger in an orchard one day and commune with Nature in her visible form. His attention was drawn by one particular peach tree, the sight of which not only seemed to teach him a beautiful lesson, but also seemed to

encourage him to throw off a yoke of melancholy and to determine to live a life of usefulness, notwithstanding the bondage of affliction by which he was helplessly and hopelessly enthralled. In a potent and convincing way this little tree assured him that it had been left by Providence in the orchard as an emblem of encouragement —as a specific proof that everything, everybody has a niche, a mission, to fill and by so doing perfects the Divine Plan that much.

Probably he was the only one with whom it ever did converse—matters little for that—but it certainly did preach to him a wonderful sermon fraught with the lessons of the Infinite, of the good, and of the possibilities of life.

Although its language was superb, it was not the prettiest and most symmetrical tree in the bunch; instead, it was the most crooked—the ugliest. But woven about it was a short and simple history which to most persons will appear superficial and

of no interest whatever; but to those who are burdened with countless infirmities and confronted by manifold discouragements it will seem as a message of cheer from the Almighty and as an inspiration from Heaven. Yes, it will shine as a beckoning star in the galaxy of hope!

Its history was something like this:

About five years previous this tree, a twiglike sprout, was trampled on by some horses that broke into the orchard. No attention was paid to it, as every one thought it would die. The Spring following a man was employed to plant the orchard in corn. He was careful not to injure the trees while ploughing near them. When he came to the little peach tree heretofore badly neglected and mistreated, he evinced the same care and attention. A bystander told the old man he need not lose any time trying to save the sprout, adding: "It is of no account, anyway." The old and thoughtful farmer retorted: "All it needs is a little help, so it can help itself; because

it is bent and broken is no sign it will never bear fruit. Why, Sir, it has never had even a half show!" He proceeded to straighten the little twiglike tree up and put fresh soil around its illy nurtured and feeble roots, leaving it in excellent condition. It was left alone. It grew.

And on the day this Nature Sermon was delivered to the heart and soul of this particular person whose whole life was changed as a result of his knowledge of the tree's history he sat beneath its beneficent boughs bending with peaches plentiful and leaves luxuriant—sat in silence, in solemn and serious contemplation, while a weighty, worthy, and beautiful lesson was unfolded to him. It was weighty because it was constituted of so much truth; it was worthy because of its power and pathos; it was beautiful because of its simplicity.

The Great Voice spoke in convincing tones, and, in effect, showed that, notwithstanding the fact that the little tree had never had an equal chance with the others,

being gnarled and twisted and bent almost to the earth, it had grown and developed and become under innumerable difficulties and backsets the most profitable tree in the orchard—its peaches being those large and luscious Elbertas that have made Arkansas famous—all because a thoughtful, sympathetic man had "helped it to help itself" when it was a weakling struggling to survive and overcome the onslaught of every imaginable force in the category.

True, its form was not beautiful to behold, but its fruit was as juicy and delicious as could be had in any clime. Anyhow, what cared he for its external appearance when its internal sweetness was so prevalent in the flavor of the peaches?

The Voice did not speak in vain. A concomitant of the very interesting and important lesson flooded his mind and touched him deeply. Of all he had seen and learned of the wonderful development and success of the little crippled and apparently worthless tree, he made an ap-

plication to humanity—that portion which is, and has always been, pining in the regions where the clouds of affliction and neglect hang low.

The application was made in the nature of a simple simile:

As this particular weak and bent tree was nurtured and given a chance to grow and develop into a productive one instead of dying slowly or becoming a worthless bunch of branches, so likewise might the Cripple or physically helpless be given a consideration, an education, a chance to become self-supporting and a contributor to the wealth, peace, and happiness of the commonwealth, instead of being compelled to grow into a mentally ossified and physically atrophied being with a crown of ignorance and a yoke of sorrow to burden him down upon the shoulders of Charity—the most stinging and sarcastic of all donors to a helpless but proud recipient!

And again:

As the fruit of a gnarled and twisted

tree is made pure, sweet, and wholesome by culture, so the life, deeds, and labors of an unfortunately deformed person might be made noble, helpful, and worth while by just and proper training!

The Voice continued to speak and explain that the tree had but one chance to redeem itself in the eyes of the owner, and that single chance lay in the possibility of its bearing good fruit. Of course it could have had no hopes of being permitted to remain in the orchard on account of its symmetry and the beauty it would lend to the surroundings.

So likewise it is with the Cripple—the only chance of redeeming his deplorable condition and thereby becoming an enthusiastic and happy being, regardless of the foiling of fate, is to bear good fruit, to do something worth while—in other words, to utilize his brain for the betterment of mankind and the glory of God. For, as a matter of fact, his only chance of real success lies there.

The Voice still continued to speak and explain that God has given man but three things that can be used to sustain life—muscle, brain, and honor. The first two are the only ones intended as commodities —necessity and despotism have forced the last and highest on the market. Muscle and brain, unlike honor, are to an overwhelming degree the products of careful and considerable training and cultivation. Therefore, inasmuch as they have to be trained and cultivated that physical strength and mental power may be attained for the utility and welfare of any individual, how shall even an able-bodied person accomplish the tasks of life without a partial training of one or both of these natural blessings?

Thus it is an evident fact that with those who are physically handicapped, incapable, the muscle proposition is a dead issue and that of mentality alone remains. Then a thorough and modern mental training is

absolutely necessary for the self-maintenance of the Cripple—his only hope.

The Voice went on and proved that the casual passersby would have looked with disgust had some one asserted that within five years the little sprout which was distorted and broken would bear the best fruit in the orchard. It took the healing powers and convincing conditions of Nature five years to prove her truth to the world. To think that Nature in all her powers could not remedy the faults of the tree's physique would be to doubt the omnipotence of the Creator.

Therefore the reckless, unwarranted, and unscientific classifying of the Cripple with the feeble-minded, with the criminal, with the delinquent, with the insane, with the dependent, as a useless, superfluous human who exists in misery and neglect and sorrow only for the purpose of intensifying the displeasures and irritating the feelings of the normal man or woman with whom he is constantly thrown, is a grave

injustice to a deserving and noble class of humanity and a damnable disgrace to civilization and Christianity.

This sort of classification is the only kind that the Cripple has ever received. From time immemorial he has been regarded as worthless, as one of a class that the world would be better off without.

If this apparently bold assertion be untrue, then why have not the thousands and thousands of unfortunate boys and girls who have been maimed by causes beyond their control been shown the same courtesy and extended the same hand whose strong grasp has pulled more than one hundred thousand deaf mutes and over two hundred thousand blind persons from the ditch of despair in the past two generations in this Nation?

To-day we have more than one hundred schools maintained by the various States and by organizations for the education and industrial training of the deaf, dumb, and blind. Thousands of useful citizens

have been graduated from these institutions and sent out into the world equipped to fight successfully for existence. Every State provides for the education of such an afflicted one, be he the child of a millionaire or the offspring of a tie-hacker.

While, on the other hand, we have approximately one-half million crippled and deformed persons, many of whom are occupying high and honored positions in public as well as private life, but more of whom are dependent upon some relative, occupants of some charitable institution, or peddlers of shoestrings and beggars on the corner. Yet there is no institution that will take the poverty-stricken ones from this great and rapidly increasing army of unfortunates and educate them in arts and sciences suited to their physical conditions and mental capabilities. If the deaf, the dumb and the blind are worth saving in their awful conditions of helplessness, why are not the paralytics, the hunchbacks, the rheumatics, and so on, worth the saving?

The Cripples that have money and well-to-do folks usually obtain a chance to help themselves and invariably do so.

But all over our fair America there are scattered among the hills and the valleys, in the congested districts and slums of the large cities, in the outskirts of little towns and villages, thousands upon thousands of little boys and girls with twisted and deformed bodies but sunny dispositions and wonderful minds, too poor to go to the public schools and in most instances unable to get to the schools, who are daily longing and hoping and praying for an opportunity to get an education in some trade or profession which will enable them to become self-supporting in after years and which will prevent their finally going to the poorhouse and later being laid at rest in the dreaded Potter's Field.

Again the Voice that seemed to preach so powerfully to this boy in the midst of the fruit-ladened trees asked, so it would seem: "Who would have thought the injured tree

was worth saving if it were believed that God would deny it the same mission or purpose with which He fills the others of its kind, just because it happens to the ill luck of getting injured?"

So the question that ought to attack the mind of every American citizen is: "Has God quit furnishing the Cripples with talents and missions? Has He begun to let beings come into the world purposeless, without a brain worth training, without a body worth caring for, without a heart worth cheering, without a chance to cope with the adverse forces, without a soul worth beautifying and saving?"

If He has, then we might afford to neglect the welfare of the maimed and suffering; but if He has not, if He still gives to each being an object in life, it is our bounden duty and trust reposed in us to care for them and to see that they have "help in order that they may help themselves" to become living, pulsating entities in this world of activities.

WHO LOVES THE CRIPPLE?

AFTER all, love is the greatest thing in life. It is the greatest gift of God. It is the only thing that does not bow to the glimmer of gold or seek the shimmer of silver. It possesses much that a life of happiness requires and triumphs in the darkest hours of despair. Love soothes pain, silences humiliation, strengthens hope, and saves the soul. It beautifies life and brings contentment. Love is the foundation and the culmination of Christianity. It always finds response in every heart and soul because of its mysterious power and lovely influence. The sacred secret of love lies somewhere in the fact that it prompts reciprocity, proffers assistance, and shares hardships as well as happiness. It was God's love—His desire to assist, to save lost humanity—that caused Him to give His only-begotten Son as a ransom.

Because a hermit thinks no one loves

him, he goes off into seclusion and becomes a veritable beast. Because a young girl feels that she has been wronged by being made the object of unrequited love, she ends what is left of her once pure and promising life by leaping from some high cliff or, worse still, by sinking into the slums of shameful sin. The wife who loses the love of her erstwhile devoted husband becomes a human wreck upon the strand of matrimony. The same obtains with a husband when the case is reversed. No compunction of conscience remains after the death of love. For it is when love dies that murderers and assassins are born. Because the people act as though they do not love or care anything for the Cripples is why the Cripples feel so humiliated and so downhearted and the reason why they suffer the untold and indescribable agony of the soul.

Who loves the Cripples? This is an awful question to ask of a Christian Nation; but it can be answered only one way,

and that solitary way is to tell of the activities of the strong toward the weak, for true love is never idle, as its basic principle is the irresistible desire to help. Therefore the answer to this question shall be had when the facts are given as to what help has been provided for the crippled class in contrast with that shown to all other classes of needy and suffering humanity.

Yes, a retrospect will better explain and answer the apparently foolish and cruel question, Who loves the Cripples?

Because of the great and beneficent love of the Christian people for the souls and the education of the heathen in far-away lands, thousands of consecrated and courageous missionaries have gone thousands of miles to the haunts of the savages and suffered the terrors of untimely death at the hands of those who did not want civilization introduced. Millions upon millions of dollars have been raised in America and forwarded to those lands of savagery for

the purpose of educating them in the glories of Western Civilization.

Because of the wonderful and all-sustaining love for the poor, ignorant, and mistreated negro slaves, hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed and billions of dollars expended and whole nations devastated by the ravages of war in order to emancipate them and lighten their burdens.

Because of the noble love and the broad sympathy that the people have in the past hundred years felt for the unfortunate deaf, dumb, and blind persons, millions of dollars have been appropriated by the State government and donated by individuals for the erection and perpetuation of great educational and industrial institutions in which these nobly brave ones may obtain sufficient mental training to enable them to become self-supporting and happy citizens, although wanderers in a region where neither light nor sound penetrates.

Because of the paternal love that every

one has in his heart for the thousands of little fatherless and motherless children, hundreds of magnificent orphanages are in existence to-day in America. In these institutions galore all the little orphan children may find a substitute for what is deemed the greatest place in the world—home. The Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and all other great denominations have builded these homes in every section of the nation. The Masons, the Odd Fellows, and other like organizations have done likewise. Other societies and organizations have joined in the work and erected scores of these havens of happiness, which they are maintaining to the glory of God and to the perpetuation of love.

Because every thinking person realizes that he is as much responsible for the keeping of his sister as he is for the keeping of his brother, refuge homes are found in every city of America, the doors of the same always ready to fly wide open at the

slightest touch of the poor, misguided, and wayward girl who has found herself unable to forge forward in her life of sin and shame. In these places she may hide her blushing face and conceal her tears from the cruel and cold stares of the gossiping and growling world and open her heart to the Almighty in begging for mercy and restored health and a new grasp upon a life worth while.

Because of the love and pity of suffering and sick humanity on the part of almost every one, each and every city and large town has hospitals enough to care for every person who finds himself unable to hold up any longer under the strain of physical and mental anguish. He has no fear of dying on the street without proper medical attention and kind and helpful nursing.

Because of the deep sympathy, acute pity, and godly mercy excited in every human breast when the agonized cries of a suffering being are heard on the streets, in

the public places, and in the hovels, numberless homes for the incurables exist in the large cities. It is in these places that the poor pain-racked human is placed to remain until merciful death grants him a permanent release from the thralls of agony.

Because of the great love and feeling that the people have for the juvenile delinquents cast by fate and misfortune upon the streets of our large cities and thrown among ten thousand temptations, any one of which will hurl a soul to the very depths of Hell, the juvenile wards have been established and placed under the kind and competent supervision of fatherly judges and motherly matrons.

Because of the undying love of the masses for those who are mercilessly attacked and pulled down by tuberculosis and cancer and other horribly fatal diseases that seem to be ravaging and terrorizing this entire Nation, millions of dollars are being annually appropriated by the Na-

tional and State Governments and by individuals for the purpose of attempting to stamp out these awful afflictions of the people and for providing homes and places for treatment.

Because of the sympathy, pity, and love of every one for the old and decrepit folks, who have become children of misfortune in so far that they have been unable to save enough money to provide themselves with food and raiment, many old folks' retreats are kept up all over the country.

Because of the pulsation of the true human heart, every city has a foundlings' home, where little babies that have been born out of wedlock or thrown upon the public by helpless mothers or left alone in the world by various causes may find warm cradles and filled bottles until some one comes along and adopts them.

Because of the same eternal love of every human heart, the insane, the paupers, the negroes, the waifs, etc., have been well provided for in numerous helpful ways.

In short, every known class of suffering, dependent, helpless, and forlorn humanity has been showered with love and shown assistance and helped in countless ways to bear the burdensome yoke of affliction and disease, except the Cripples, who are regarded and treated as worthless, superfluous humanity. Every sort of people, loaded down by infirmities or overtaken by misfortune, has been classified and provided for as a separate and worthy class, except the Cripples, who must either be cared for as incurables and placed in hospitals for treatment and confinement or accepted and recognized as paupers and assigned to the poorhouse.

The Cripples must attend the same schools that the strong attend or go uneducated. They must labor under the most painful and discouraging difficulties to support themselves or beg for bread on the streets and sleep in the alleys. Indeed, every one must admit that the Cripples compose the one class of human unfortu-

nates that has never been classified and recognized by the public in general as a particularly and distinctly separate class worthy of particular and distinct assistance. This disgraceful condition has continued so long and grown so common that it is hardly considered unjust by the majority, who never stop to think and reason.

But the time has arrived when the people must pause to ponder over this unjustness. They must acknowledge, though possibly reluctantly, that they have never manifested any real and material love toward the Cripples as a whole, as they have toward all other needy classes. They must confess their almost unpardonable neglect and admit that nothing more uplifting, more helpful, more encouraging has ever been shown this crippled class than pity. They cannot dispute the fact that they have overlooked them, although they may find some consolation in the truth that this oversight is due to unthoughtedness rather than to selfishness and hard-hearted-

ness. For the American people as a nation have for generations demonstrated their breadth of sympathy and profoundness of love, which is characteristic of them, by their unstinted action of kindness and mercy toward all other suffering ones. Therefore it would seem that it is only necessary to awake them to the imperative demand of the crippled class for justice and for a deserved recognition, which have been denied for generations. And it is expedient to state here that this urgent and just demand must be granted in time in the form of a thorough and modern system of industrial education for the Cripples.

Evidently it does not require a mental giant to understand fully what is meant when Cripples pathetically ask themselves and others if any one loves them. For if a person would only consider why this question is asked, he would not be so far from a thorough understanding. Instantly he would know that he had never heard once in his life of lives being sacrificed

upon the field of battle for the love and defense of the Cripples. He would know that he had never read in history or paper where billions of dollars had been expended for their education, as have been spent for the education of all other classes. He would recall the fact that never in his life had he seen and admired mighty institutions in the superb forms of universities, colleges, and industrial schools for the benefit of the Cripples. He would remember also that he had never belonged to any Church or lodge that paid any special attention to the Cripples. All that he can think of is that he has constantly seen hundreds of Cripples absolutely unable to provide food and clothing for themselves and existing as beggars on the streets or living off of beggarly sums from the sale of pins, needles, and pencils. And, too, he can recall that he has witnessed heartrending sights of them occupying filthy and hellish stalls in poorhouses because of no people to help them and because they were

not fitted to fight the battles of life. Moreover, he can easily recollect the fact that he has seen numerous board slabs in the edge of the cemeteries marking the last resting places of those buried at the expense of the county or the citizens. All these things he can convert into a good reason why this important but pathetic question is asked and why it does not seem so foolish and absurd as the casual thinker would have it. He will readily agree that the Cripples are wholly justifiable when they conclude that the world loves them not—not nearly so much as it does the Heathen, the Negro, the Illegitimate, the Orphan, the Insane, and the Mute.

Does it seem that it is leading a forlorn hope for one to pray and plead for the immediate change of this awful and unjust condition confronting the Cripples of America when one can see so many helpful things that the good people have done for all other classes of suffering humanity? Or does it seem an idle dream?

SHALL WE EDUCATE OR EXTERMINATE THE CRIPPLE?

MY blood boils with indignation when I peruse the blood-stained pages of Ancient History. I am stricken with horror when I read of the Spartans' unpardonable and barbarous practice of murdering the little weaklings that, unfortunately, made their unwelcomed appearance at a time when muscle was placed above morality, when physique was more important than mind.

As though it were only yesterday, in my fancy I can see the little misshapen weakling forcibly torn from its loving mother's breast and carried before a body of physical giants, whose duty it was to examine and pronounce the infant sufficiently symmetrical in body to live or to condemn it to death on account of its frailty. I can see its devoted mother cover its tiny and twisted form with kisses and bathe it with scalding tears, and I can hear her sweetly croon

the last lullaby as it is taken from her bosom and carried to the hellish place known as the Exposure, a glen on the side of Mount Taygetus, where it will be left alone; where its little weak cry will reach no responsive voice or listening ear; where its little tongue will swell from thirst and choke it to death for want of its mother's milk; where, finally, its little soul will be hurled into eternity, pure, undefiled, and without sin, where its tiny, deformed body will erelong be rent into pieces and devoured by countless carrion crows.

Such a mental picture which once existed in reality is enough to pale one's face and to pierce one's heart—enough to penetrate the soul and produce an impression thereon that will endure throughout life.

It was earnestly believed in those days that if a child did not start in possession of health and strength it was better both for itself and for the State that it should not live at all. In other words, the father had

not the right of bringing up his own child, but had to carry it at birth to a designated place where the leaders of the tribe or clan sat in judgment. The child would be examined rigidly, and if found bodily perfect a tract of public land was alloted to it; but in case it turned out to be a weakling, immediate starvation and death were pronounced. Those that were allowed their lives were reared uneducated in dirt and filth and trained with but one view in mind —to obey, endure, and win fights.

Those were the unsightly and unsound conditions of affairs in Sparta 700 to 500 B.C. Similar conditions existed in olden days in many other countries. But Civilization and Christianity soon came and put a stop to the abominable custom and practice. Both restrained the parents from even contemplating such a damnable and dastardly deed. The laws of the land avenged it.

But for the unfortunate child, in point of its own welfare and happiness, which is

the better and more humane way—to send it back to its Creator as innocent and pure as it came, or to let it live only to be neglected, unrecognized by its country, unprovided for by laws of the land, unassisted by the Christian and Fraternal organizations—to suffer, to starve, to pray, to hope, and, last, to succumb after a life of discouragement, embarrassment, and failure?

Instantly one can easily see which course would save the child from a period of painful struggle and protect it from an existence of unpardonable and almost unbearable ostracism from the circles of society and from the other places provided for the children of men.

But where is the man who would suggest such a dastardiy and damnable crime? Where is the human brute who would be so brazen as to say that the hellish custom of the Spartans should be introduced in the Nation that stands at the head of all others and that the helpless babes born with weaknesses should be forcibly taken from

the parents by the law and sent hurling into Eternity without a single chance at life—without a chance to enjoy and appreciate the all-sustaining beauties that the Almighty has blessed this world with? Oh! where is the father who would submit himself to the low and despotic demands of a body of brutes who wished to judge his offspring and condemn it to death for infirmities and physical defects inherited? Ah! it is great that one can feel and say with a certainty that no such heartless and faithless father lives in America to-day and that no such criminal custom would be tolerated for one moment.

But, however bad as it may seem and foolish as it may be, the truth must be told about people whether or not we admire them. Therefore the heartless, half-civilized Spartans and their kind were more consistent in their views concerning perfect manhood and their method of obtaining such than are we of this age of Chris-

tian and intellectual endeavor. History may be adduced to sustain this bold assertion.

A bold contrast results when the consistency of the Spartans is mentioned in connection with what some may think is consistent on the part of the Americans today.

In Sparta physical strength and power were the foundation and the culmination of all manhood. In America mental power and moral strength constitute the most important and major requisites of manhood.

In Sparta it was consistently contended that a man who could not endure hardships and suffering incident to war was not a fit citizen and therefore need not live. In America it is held that an unfit subject is he who is not mentally proficient or morally trustworthy.

There and then the standard of citizenship rested on muscular manhood. Here and now the standard of citizenship is placed on mental and moral manhood.

In Sparta, in order to perpetuate this standard, no one who could fail to reach this gauge was allowed to live. In America every one is allowed life, regardless of whether such privilege dims the luster or decreases the value of the standard.

In Sparta those who were allowed life were educated and trained perfectly in such manner as would enable them to keep on the level with the standard. In America discrimination and neglect prevent many persons from reaching the lowest rungs of this wonderfully beautiful standard of good citizenship.

And the one class that is so conspicuous for its position beneath the bottom rung of this standard of mental and moral manhood of this Nation is no other than the class that is known as useless, burdensome, and bothersome humanity—the Cripples.

Consequently the inconsistency of the American people in regard to their action toward the Cripples is as evident as the consistency of the Spartans toward those

of the same condition whom they murdered because of their infirmities and their inability to reach the standard of manhood in existence in that age and country.

The noble standard formed and adopted by Civilization and Christianity is broad enough and long enough to encompass every person of mental strength and moral manhood. But the entire number of persons of to-day does not conform with the set standard as a whole, as was the case in the days of Spartan glory. This inconformity is due to the fact that the American people allow every one his life, but fail to train him and care for him in educational and cultural ways, as did the warriors of old train and harden their young with physical culture.

Thus it is obvious that there were more persons in the dim and distant past that were in full and perfect accord with the standard of the day than can be found at the present time. One would fail to get recognition or encouragement should one

at this day and time declare that infants should be exposed to the elements and killed for unavoidable weaknesses, as was the custom in the days when it was necessary and consistent to do so in order to keep up the standard of useful and capable citizenry. Yet we of to-day allow each weakling its life but fail in after years to put forth the slightest effort to educate it and train it that it may become worthy of the seemingly just standard. If it be a paralytic, if it be a victim of some other terrible and disabling disease, if it be deformed at birth to the extent that it has no arms or legs and so on, it matters not how deplorably so, it will be shown no attention at all other than empty pity by the Churches and by the State and by the various Lodges.

When I make the assertion that the Cripples are not regarded or recognized by the public as real, vibrating humans, the same as other humans, I mean and include the whole class of unfortunates. I do not

have in mind the crippled son or daughter of the millionaire or of the wealthy. No, I do not have in mind the crippled child that has well-to-do parents or relatives able to give it the advantage that love and money can afford. But I mean instead the half million poor boys and girls in the forty-eight States who are hampered, harassed, and handicapped by physical defects and shortcomings—boys and girls who have but one single hope of ever amounting to anything at all—and that hope is based upon their poor chance of getting a thorough mental training in lines suited to their capabilities. I mean the half million boys and girls who, through the decree of fate, have been put here and denied the blessings of normal use of their withered and drawn limbs, who will in time, if not trained and looked after now, bear themselves helplessly down upon the overburdened shoulders of charity as unsightly objects of aversion and disgust to society.

And think that these same persons could become useful and happy citizens if a just chance and deserved attention were only given them by the State and the people!

The assertion that the majority of the Cripples of the present generation will become, under the present mode of treatment, subjects of charity, burdens to the State and cities, and objects of pity, is not ill founded, nor is it based upon a prophetic view of the author. To get positive proof of the deduction it is only necessary to go out and look about. You will invariably see countless Cripples living lives of utter helplessness and depending upon the mites thrown at their feet by the disgusted passers-by or subsisting upon their income from the sale of trinkets. Meeting, as I do, hundreds of Cripples in the course of a year, I am not uneasy of being successfully contradicted when I say that the greater number of crippled beggars are such by compulsion rather than by choice. They will truthfully tell you, when you question

them as to why they are not holding respectable positions instead of hobbling over the country in search of bread, that it is because they have no mental training sufficient to do any kind of work and that it is beyond their power to do any sort of physical or manual labor. They will tell you that if they had been educated as well as their deaf, dumb, and blind brothers, or even as well as the heathen in far-away Africa or Korea, or as thoroughly as the negro of this country, they would not be compelled to fight the foilings of fate by having to face the wintry blasts or endure the torturous summer heat in an almost futile effort to live their allotted time, which God intends all men to live regardless of their physical, moral, or financial conditions.

Thus it is perfectly safe and sound to say that, unless the approximate half million crippled children of this Nation, who have not a way to attend the regular universities, colleges, and schools, are edu-

cated, the avenues of society are certain to be overrun in a few years by more pitiable persons than these avenues can accommodate.

Then what greater honor, what greater glory, what greater work can mortal man find to do this day and time than the work that will eventually alleviate this terrible and unjust condition, which has enslaved more free-borns and murdered more noble ambitions and broken more hopeful hearts and shattered more hopes and humiliated more beings than that sort of bondage that two million men fought and bled to eliminate?

It cannot be long until the American people and legislators will awake to see the responsibilities clustering about them and will hasten to unite and put forth concerted efforts toward rectifying the error that has endured so long.

And when that day comes the American people may well afford to say that they have surpassed the old Spartans in consist-

ently upholding and upbuilding the stable standard of citizenship upon which this Nation as well as all others must hope to rest and build.

The Spartans became murderers in order to perpetuate their standard of perfect manhood and to populate their nation with physical giants. The Americans have become murderers, so to speak, in order to educate the negro and Christianize and clothe the millions of heathen and to erect cold, lifeless monuments of marble to commemorate the memory of our beloved generals and soldiers who fought, bled, and died to free those enthralled by a yoke of slavery that never had the terror nor the horror nor the awfulness that the slavery of the crippled class has.

The Spartans murdered by taking life; the Americans murder by taking all the hopes, ambitions, and aspirations of life—which means a more dreadful death than that which is summoned from over the

black and unfathomable stream of mystery.

To live does not mean to breathe. It means a vibrating, pulsating, and creating existence of that which is worth while, which is helpful to others, and which is worthy of emulation. How many Cripples live? How many exist?

Therefore, the burning question of the day is: "Shall we educate the Cripples or exterminate them?"

As it is now, we most certainly are exterminating all that they possess and prize. And it is not very evident, if at all, that we are ahead of the Spartans in some very important things.

THE MISSION OF THE CRIPPLE.

JUST as strongly as I believe that God endows every one with a talent, so I believe He gives every one a mission. I cannot believe that any one is placed here to exist as a human parasite.

If the trees, the soil, the rocks, the flowers, and the grasses have a purpose, a Godly divined and decreed mission, creations of only one element, matter, why have not they who are created of three elements—matter, mind, and soul—created in His own image, just a little lower than the angels on high, although crippled, deformed, and incapacitated?

Can it be true that a loving, merciful, and just God gives to the lower or lesser creations preëminence over the higher creations because the higher ones happen to be distorted and disabled beyond direct control? Can it be true that a live but gnarled tree may lend its share of shade and fragrance to the air and surroundings

and that a deformed or crippled human cannot lend his share of good deeds to humanity and to God?

Such would be the condition were it true that the Cripples have no mission other than to suffer pain, embarrassment, and ofttimes social ostracism. But, thanks to the Almighty, such is not true! For God in the beginning wisely decreed that everything should have a part in the fulfillment of the Divine Plan.

I may be wrong when I say that there is no one so badly afflicted but that he could do something worth while. But when I read in history of the great and noble men and women who were blind or crippled or deformed or handicapped by physical infirmity and who, notwithstanding all these obstacles, worked diligently and faithfully to do some good work and to leave to the succeeding generations their names and labors as imperishable gifts of God presented through the hands of man, I am constrained to make my assertion

even stronger and broader. I sometimes feel as if I should be correct were I to say that the afflicted, physically, can do more than the strong.

However, I shall not make such an assertion; but, instead, I shall say that some of the greatest battles ever fought by individuals have been fought by the crippled or afflicted, and that some of the greatest victories ever won have been won by them. I can say this much and can adduce history to sustain me.

Because any one is denied the use of his limbs for walking or even his arms and hands, it is not reasonable nor sensible for one to think or say that a person thus afflicted will never be able to support himself or help others in this world. For God puts not a single one here to live purposeless. He has a work for all to do and expects all to make blessings out of misfortune—to transform shade into sunshine.

For example, Tom Lockhart, the shut-

in, who died last year and who was known the world over by the reading public, could use no part of his terribly afflicted body save the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. The sight of one eye was entirely gone, that of the other very nearly so; his joints were stiffened and ossified, and he lay in one awful position for more than twenty-five years, during which time his body became as a stone statue. Yet this hero of heavenly patience supported himself and his nurse by laboriously and painfully scribbling a few lines daily, every one of which contained a message of cheer, a message filled to overflowing with the wondrous and infinite love of a suffering, consecrated Christian. He not only provided for himself by writing, but also made thousands happier and more cheerful, thankful and more contented. He had a mission. He fulfilled it. He did more for the world and for humanity than millions who had health and strength but never found their object in life. And

the beautiful part of his case is that he was not the only one that ever did any good for the world while in an invalid's place; for to-day there are thousands, similarly and sorely afflicted, who are proving that they have a mission—a work to do—and that they are capable of performing the task.

THE AMBITION OF THE CRIPPLE.

AMBITION is the backbone of true hope—that sort of hope which sustains one through all the discouraging ordeals and periods of one's life and ofttimes crowns one with garlands of success. It is not only the shining star that guides, but also the beautiful one that beckons. Its full realization is undoubtedly the crowning point of one's life. It was Paul's realized ambition that prompted him to say, as he neared the end of his earthly career, that he had fought a good fight, had finished the course, and had kept the faith that was in him. The progress of humanity from the dawn of creation is nothing more than the ripened fruit of ambition. The biographies of the world's greatest benefactors would not thrill us, but instead would be cold and uninteresting, were they not fraught with the undaunted struggles and wonderful triumphs of ambition.

Thus it is exceedingly plain how important, how valuable, how necessary is ambition to one's life.

Real ambition cannot endure without the association of true hope. Hence ambition and hope are interdependent. Neither is ambition foreign to one's nature and possibilities. In other words, it is not natural for one to desire the unattainable—to long for that which is far beyond the pale of probability. The peasant should not be so overly ambitious as to want to devise a means of injecting royal blood into his own veins in order to become great. Such would be foolish and impossible; but it is not impossible for him to become great. Moreover, ambition of the right sort gives man the happy faculty of adapting himself to the circumstances that surround him. No intelligent weakling, for example, ever has the burning ambition to become a prizefighter and wear the belt of the world's championship.

Why? Because it is unattainable, impossible.

Therefore the real point is about to be reached. The Cripple, whose physical condition makes him realize fully his imperfection, his utter inability to cope successfully with the strong in physical pursuits, has an ambition for achievements within his power and reach, which ambition is greater in scope, greater in possibility, greater in value than that of the strong in proportion to the strength of mind and muscle.

To illustrate: If a young lady artist has an ambition to take a prize in an art contest with several strong young men, and if her production equals in every way that of any one of them, a tie should not be called by the judges, but the prize should be awarded to her, in view of the fact that she labored more handicapped from the standpoint of strength. In other words, when a woman equals a man, she surpasses him. When a thousand-pound

horse pulls as much as a two-thousand-pound horse, the former surpasses by far, yet it does no more actual work.

Ambition is also a mental state. Hence it is obvious that the same is more acute with the crippled person. For, as Spencer remarks, no powers crave exercise so much as the higher powers. Thus the crippled fellow's ambition is to cultivate and exercise his mental powers, inasmuch as his physical ones are not in such condition as will respond to like attention.

Therefore the pivot upon which rests the probable realization of a Cripple's ambition is EDUCATION. It is education that he is longing for; it is education that will deaden the stings of his deplorable condition; it is education that will alleviate his mental suffering and cramping; it is education that will fulfill his dreams of a happy life in the Valley of Sorrow; it is education that will help him to realize his ambition to be of some use to humanity and to God; it is education

that will eventually lead him to become reconciled to the foilings of fate and to peer through the rift in the clouds of adversity at the rays of shining success awaiting him.

Then to deny him this needed and desired education is to murder his ambition; and to do this is to blight his life irreparably. It is to rob him of the one hope with which the Creator has filled his soul; for this single and sacred hope is based upon the use of his mentality, which must be trained and strengthened in order to counteract the deficiency of his physique.

But where can the necessary mental training for the afflicted boys and girls be had? Have the various States in this Nation made any provision for these afflicted children? No. They have provided the Public School System only, which great system was conceived and established for the able-bodied. The Cripples are in the minority, you will probably say, and for that reason no attention has been shown

them. The fact is well known that there are more crippled fellows in every neighborhood than blind, deaf, and dumb; yet the States all have seen that the last-named unfortunates have been cared for and fitted for life. The "minority" excuse cannot stand as an argument or be offered wisely as a real excuse or explanation. True enough it is that a Cripple may attend any one of these schools that compose the great system of popular education, if the Cripple can get to the school and can manage to put up with and endure the facilities and conveniences instituted and planned primarily for the strong and well. In every State there are hundreds of children, so badly afflicted by various diseases, who are absolutely unable, both financially and physically, to go daily from their humble homes to the public schools, which in most instances are overflowing with a strong and healthy student body. And in case they do get there, what comforts are provided? There

are the long flights of steep stairways; there are the high blackboards; there are the elevated platforms, stages, and so on; the inaccessible lavatories and toilets, the custom of going continually from one room to another to recite lessons, the giantlike steps at the entrance of the building, and a thousand and one other things which, at the moment the crippled pupil gets in sight of the school, confront him with appalling and embarrassing magnitude. Anything he is called upon by the teacher to do, he must do it as the others do or not at all. Hence he, more or less, is left entirely out of the practices, experiments, and drills.

Although he is a native of the State and the Country, although the same Caucasian blood of red corpuscles flows in his veins, although his heart is filled and thrilled and exuberant with worthy ambition and his soul is as pure and as noble and as emulative as those of his comrades, if comrades they can be called, the crippled boy who

attends a public school is in a sense a foreigner. He is never allowed his naturalization papers, because he can never be naturalized sufficiently to assume allegiance to the routine of practice and play common to this sort of school. Even the sports and games mapped out by the other students for the year of playground activities are uninviting to him in his abnormal condition. No ball games for him, no marble games for him, no "foot and a half" for him—nothing for him but ostracism! He is alone in everything and almost everywhere. He is made conspicuous on account of his helplessness when the recess bell taps. Shunned and passed by on every hand by the crowd of children, who are enthused to the highest degree over a game of ball, the crippled lad lingers in the shade and watches the rest at a distance enjoying all that goes to make the life of a youth worth while and happy, his face tense and his fist clenched, unconscious at the moment of his utter helpless-

ness, the while feeling or imagining himself among the bunch and excelling the best player. A straggler comes by on his way to the scene of merriment and, noticing this particular and pitiable lad sitting alone near the schoolhouse and surrounded by his loneliness, awakes the unfortunate from his moment of forgetfulness by asking the cruel and cutting question: "Don't you wish you could go too?"

But where can the Cripples get relief? Have the religious denominations expended any money establishing schools and colleges for their special benefit? Have these same denominations divided or appropriated even a small portion of the millions collected for foreign mission work and used it toward educating the thousands of Cripples here at our very doorstep and beautifying and utilizing their lives? Have the Christian people ever made any great effort or started any widespread move toward preventing this unfortunate class of ill-fated humanity from

becoming dependent by helping them to become independent?

Again I ask, Where may the Cripples find relief or help? Have the numerous secret orders and fraternities and the like provided for this sorely needed and long-sought relief? Have they ever spent any money toward erecting and maintaining a perpetual or temporary institution, or even an experimental one, by which the Cripples may become more hopeful of the future, when they shall be thrown out upon their own resources or upon the shoulders of charity? No; instead they have builded million-dollar clubhouses and erected hundred-thousand-dollar monuments of sculptured marble to satisfy the selfish, æsthetic propensities of thoughtless humanity.

And as a direct and immediate result of this awful and heartless neglect, of this terrible condition void of one iota of good, thousands of noble ambitions and cher-

ished dreams are daily atrophying, dying, never to be realized.

It is beyond the power of the human mind to understand fully the pathos of unrealized ambition, unless one has drunk from the gourd of failure or has been prevented from doing one's mission in life by the neglect of others, who were in a position to lend an assisting hand at a moment when all depended upon it. And it is still more bitter if one's unmaterialized hopes cause one to be thrown upon the public as a helpless object of dependence.

But such is the case in thousands of instances to-day in fair and Christian America. There are countless persons with bright minds and wonderful talents whose lives are being blighted and darkened and whose possibilities are being poisoned to death by the cold and indifferent manner manifested toward them by the strong and well who believe that genius never comes in the minds of those who are twisted, gnarled, and deformed. The

strong seem to shut their eyes to the pages of history, which are full of accounts of successes of remarkable magnitude achieved under difficulties so severe, and refuse, heartlessly and without reason, to acknowledge that a Cripple deserves and that Justice demands more than mere pity.

Yes, it would seem that the strong have never awakened to the fact that Justice demands a perfect revolution or a change of the conditions that confront and appall the Cripples throughout this land, and that this imperative demand must soon be complied with.

This very day the United States can furnish very nearly a half million living examples of starving ambition. In thousands of humble hovels occupied as homes there can be found many discouraged hearts which have been tenderly and sacredly nurturing hopes that have at last grown forlorn.

Thousands of these noble, worthy, but terribly discouraged hearts pulsate beneath

the bosoms of pure, ambitious, and God-fearing young folks whose lifelong dreams have been to become artists, architects, journalists, pedagogues, jewelers, book-keepers, stenographers, and a hundred other things that can be accomplished successfully by persons crippled in various ways—whose fondest and most cherished hopes have always been that some way might be found or devised whereby they might develop their talents, whose burning ambitions have been ignited and kindled by a constant and powerful desire to fulfill what God has led them to believe is their mission in life. They are not living under delusions that lead them to believe they have a mission and talent. They only know that their souls are afire with ambition to do something worth while in life, and, above all, to be independent when it comes to getting their bread and meat. Truly they are children of misfortune, born and bred but not educated in a land where the precepts of Christ are preached and taught

on every hand, but apparently rarely followed and lived up to.

As their sore afflictions and financial condition prevent their obtaining that necessary exercise of the higher powers which holds in its grasp the realization of their ambitions, so likewise the same obstacles and troubles face every other poor crippled boy and girl of this land, refusing and denying them all that they long for in this life.

No one will doubt that God directs real and true ambition. The record of Christ's Disciples shows plainly that they had a potent ambition to do as they were commanded and to effect results in behalf of their chosen work. He directs ambition just as He does all else that is best for the individual. He instills in the soul and the heart of the Cripple just as much ambition as He allows the strong to possess. He dictates to the heart of the helpless, struggling one an ambition that is perfectly attainable in every way and does not

pervade the said heart with an aim or desire that is beyond the realm of reason. Moreover, He expects the Cripple to make use of the ambitious motive, and He expects, further, his strong brother to help him accomplish the same.

Then why have not the preachers and the politicians seen all this, which they can but admit is true, and rushed to the rescue of the perishing ambitions, just as they have seen the needs of the people, both civilized and uncivilized, in a thousand other ways, and gone to their immediate assistance? Why have not the people who pose as the backbone of the Christian move that is certainly sweeping this Nation discovered the effects of this unjust educational system and remedied it? It will be difficult to concoct a consistent answer to these questions, which are asked earnestly by a half million physical slaves.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE CRIPPLE.

IT would seem to almost everybody that every important phase concerning the circles of society, the welfare and progress of the State, and the happiness of the individual has been discussed thoroughly all over these United States by people eager to contribute to the upbuilding of the country and to the helping of humanity—every phase except one—the possibilities of the Cripple.

And it is directly due to this single exception that the unfortunate Cripple is apparently, and ofttimes literally, doomed to a dismal and daunted life of worthlessness, of suffering, and of dependence.

To-day one hears on every hand, from people of intelligence, that languid question, "What's the use of doing anything for the Cripple? He is so helpless and useless in this life." And although this reiteration of this mean and medieval no-

tion of physical deformity being a curse sent by God is so very discouraging to the few, who have seen the mistake and are laboring and praying to rectify it, there is to offset it the firm realization of its utter untruth; for in reality the average Cripple, with proper and just care and instruction, has the same possibilities as his normal and straight-limbed brother. The educated Cripple, in many historical instances, has proved his possibilities greater by far than those with whom he grew up and who were his superiors physically.

The few know of these unlimited possibilities of the handicapped, but the problem which looks so difficult is that of convincing the masses of the facts. But what problem worthy of our attention is not difficult to get before the majority? It took centuries of agitation before the world awoke to the horrors of religious persecution and made free all religious views. It took centuries to prove that slavery was wrong, and it has taken cen-

turies to establish and spread Christianity over the world. Everything of import requires time to get well established.

But in this age of enlightenment, when the power of the press has reached a position never before known in the realms of newspaperdom, when Christianity has become the keystone of the Nation's pride, when all the States are striving to better the bad conditions of their respective citizens, when the august legislative bodies are ever ready to enact laws and adopt other means to help the commonwealth along —in this age it would not seem a very difficult problem on its face to get the masses awakened to the great possibilities of that part of the citizenship that in the past and at the present has been and is allowed to exist in an undeveloped state and in a condition of helplessness and as a shocking horror to society.

When given an opportunity of an education, the average crippled child embraces it with avidity. To him school

work seems a boon instead of a burden, because probably he has been denied practically every other normal activity. With the consequently intensified application comes correspondingly improved results, and in schools where the crippled pupil has been enabled to go and be classified with the normal ones we find that the former, although physically handicapped, has made as rapid progress as those unhampered by bodily defect.

The possibilities of the crippled fellow are as unlimited in industrial lines as in mental; for one can quite often find encouraging examples of Cripples—"hopeless Cripples"—making marked success. In fact, Cripples of unusual ability are frequently found in all professions. The greatest electrician in the United States is a Cripple, and there are many architects, artists, and even engineers of note who are physically deformed or hampered.

These instances are given for the sole reason that the idea of a Cripple's possi-

bilities is not based upon theory alone. They are given to prove the assertion that all the Cripples need is industrial training, just as is given to all other classes of human unfortunates by the various State and private schools.

History to-day would not reveal one single record of success achieved by a Cripple if not a single Cripple had ever been given an education. Then it would have sounded more stable to assert that their possibilities were meager. If the great electricians, the great architects, the wonderful writers, the statesmen, and the men in all walks of life had not been fortunate enough to obtain a thorough mental and industrial training, no one would have ever believed that a Cripple was worth the salt that his system requires.

But, thank God, we have men whose names and works will live to the end of eternity, who labored and made themselves successes in spite of their awful affliction. The Disciple Paul was no other than a

terrible hunchback—so badly afflicted in many ways that he never thought it right to wed. His preaching has been the inexhaustible inspiration to millions and has been the safeguard of Christianity. He does not stand alone as a benefactor to the world, as a personage of greatness in the form of an afflicted one. There are others of the past and many of the present whose names and works will live forever and forever; and there have been millions who died the terrible and unmourned death of a Cripple, who might have been something if they only could have had help to help themselves. The fight that shall be waged the next few years will result in such an overwhelming victory that the Cripples of the Twentieth Century shall have no cause or reason to say that they have been neglected as has the present generation in educational directions.

For the politicians and the preachers will readily grasp the truth and will also come to a realization that the afflicted are

not nils in this world of action by the decree of the Almighty, but instead are made so by the thoughtlessness and heartlessness that have existed among the people in general. The press has already taken it up and is sowing the seeds that will soon germinate and produce something great enough and convincing enough to encourage speedy action by Church and State.

And when this is done there will be fewer crippled and homeless beggars on the streets and the highways, and there will be more citizens of independence and worth, though crippled. There will be less misery and unhappiness and more cheerfulness and contentment. Charity will then have to direct itself and its great help in other directions; for the Cripples will have learned in the great State and private institutions provided for them that they will not be tolerated longer as beggars and that they have been made independent. There will be inculcated into them the fact that they possess real and substantial pride

and that they must not necessarily kneel before the feet of any one except their God—that they will be disgraced if they ask for alms or offer such wares as shoe strings for sale.

No doubt many people have argued that they have seen crippled fellows on the street begging who were physically able to learn a trade and support themselves thereby. This is true in many instances, but the majority have been crippled in later years, crippled as a result of hopping trains and being somewhat adventuresome, and the minority have no education —and hence no pride.

Every person who knows what education means will agree with this explanation: Take two strong and normal boys at six years of age; put one in the school and the other on the street; keep one in school until he is grown and let the other remain on the streets and in the alleys. Which one is more independent and has more pride at the age of twenty-one? Which

one will go to the back door for a "hand-out" without making almost superhuman efforts toward self-support?

The same condition holds good with a crippled boy. If you educate him and cultivate that innate pride, he will commit suicide before he will beg; keep him uneducated, and he will have no pride, nor will he be humiliated when he begs one for a penny or a bite of bread.

Therefore education will eliminate to a great degree the crippled beggars and will better the citizenry of the community.

The first step to take to prove that a Cripple has a chance in life, if given a chance, is to show conclusively that his handicaps along even more than one line do not impair the efficiency of his other faculties. A crippled girl may not be physically able to stand on her feet all day as a clerk in a dry goods store or even act as an assistant in an office, but she can easily be taught to paint and to embroider very beautifully or to teach, to write, and

to do a score of other honorable and remunerative works that will make her independent as well as happy and cheerful. A boy whose deformity may prevent his being a carpenter or make him unfit for cabinet work may become a skillful jeweler or a brilliant lawyer or writer and so on. Thus it is very evident that the latent possibilities of a Cripple can be brought out simply through intelligent and proper direction of activity and talent.

And why should it be difficult to convince the masses that the above facts are true when they may so conveniently refer to the pages of history and find emblazoned thereon the success achieved by the class that has never had a show? Who would have known of the possibilities of Alexander Stephens had not a woman of kind and liberal heart given him an education? Who would have known of the wonderful and lasting works of Scott, Pope, and Byron had not those three men of letters been given a chance at receiving an education

that brought out their talents and fitted them for their noble and everlasting works? Who would have ever benefited from the last works of Milton, who went blind in his declining years, had not he received an education before his affliction was thrust upon him? Who would be encouraged and thrilled to-day over the success and achievements and mission of Helen Keller, who has proved that the possibilities of the infirm and afflicted are often more wonderful than the strong, had not she been given a chance to receive mental training? Who would know to-day of Will D. Upshaw, of Georgia, who has made his name a household word in every Georgia home and who has done much to inspire the youths of the whole country, had he not been given an education—even after he had become thirty—after he had lain for seven years in a plaster of paris jacket with a broken back? One can ask such questions indefinitely about men and women in all walks of life who are to-day crippled in various ways

and who are doing much better than their able brothers and sisters simply because they were situated so as to receive the needed cultivation of the mind to develop their God-given talents.

The possibilities of the Cripple are unlimited and unfathomable. The Cripple has the world at his feet if given a chance to cope with his affliction; for he strives to study about that which is in his reach and does not waste his time rainbow-chasing.

And, again, education will bring out the latent possibilities of the Cripple and show to the world their boundlessness. Education will also convince the masses and the doubters that human deformity is not prohibitive of human accomplishments.

Therefore, since their possibilities are so great, it is doubly incumbent on us to make available to the crippled children the best advantages to enable them to surmount their difficulties and make of themselves useful and independent citizens.

PITY PUNISHES THE CRIPPLE.

EVERY normal soul resents and dreads the punishment inflicted by pity. The heart in every bosom eschews the place where pity originates or exists. Everybody despises and detests pity.

The little babe nestled in its mother's loving and encompassing arms, by its renewed sobbing when pitied and petted because it has hurt itself, shows conclusively its detestation of the pitiful action of its attentive and devoted parent. The pretty young woman who has been exposed to the almost irresistible temptations of nature and has surrendered to the weaknesses of the same is made to sink the deeper in sin by the cruelty practiced by that great portion of humanity which pities instead of helps. The young boy cramping amid the rushing, swirling current of a treacherous stream drowns with his soul filled with disgust at his comrades, who stand safe on the

bank with empty pity in their hearts but void of courage and sense enough to offer assistance. The business man who fails in the financial world seeks seclusion from his friends because of the pity evident in their eyes.

And so throughout all humanity pity lends its blight to happiness, its death to ambition, its backset to hope, and its cowing influence to life.

Why is it so? The definition of the word will better explain: "Pity is a feeling of grief or pain aroused by the weakness, misfortune, or distress of others; a regard of inferiority in happiness, hopefulness, and position."

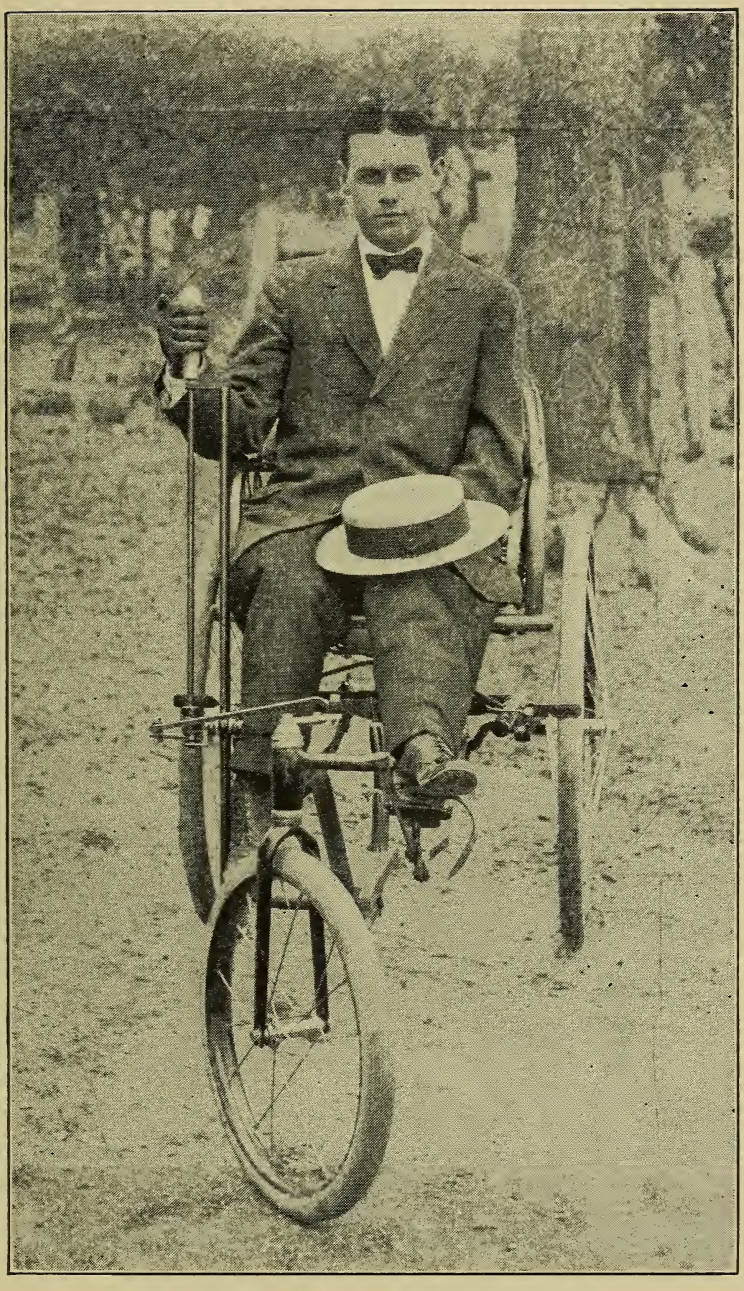
We pity the cruelly treated convict because of his suffering and his moral inferiority. We pity the beggar because of his dependent position and so on. We pity the slaves because they are beneath us in blood, in station, in life, and in freedom. We pity the crippled person because he is weaker, more helpless, more distressful,

more discouraged, more unfortunate than are the able-bodied.

And it shall be the object of this chapter to explain to the well and strong the true effect of pity upon the crippled child's mind—the pity that pains, that shames, that cows, that discourages, that distresses, that blights happiness, murders ambition, and starves hope.

The Cripples of America are not looking for pity nor longing for it. It is sympathy and mercy that they desire and need. We have sympathy with one in grief or joy, in pleasure or pain. On the other hand, we have pity only for those in suffering and need. Pity may be only in the mind, but mercy does something for those who are its objects.

But it seems that the Cripples have always received nothing more valuable or helpful than pity. The human heart is naturally susceptible to that which evokes pity and sympathy. Therefore the people of normal strength have always, it would



THE AUTHOR IN HIS TRICYCLE

seem, exercised this one propensity toward the physical unfortunates. And it is deplorable that they have done so, inasmuch as it has done far more harm than good.

However, the people should not be censured too harshly for manifesting such a full measure of pity toward the weak and weary; for it is not due to a wrong and spiteful spirit, but to the utter surrender of themselves to their emotions without stopping to exercise reason. In truth, it is spontaneous with them; and consequently harm results where help is desired.

The citation of a specific instance is expedient:

A bright little boy is afflicted with infantile paralysis to the degree that he is almost entirely helpless. He has several brothers older than he and a loving, devoted mother. These brothers PITY little Jack in their noble, brotherly hearts, and this PITY is intensified and made the stronger by their great love for him. His mother is like all mothers—her heart is

fraught with love, hope, and admiration for him, notwithstanding his deplorable afflictions. One particular night these big and strong brothers sit around the home fireside and discuss with their mother many things, just like families do around the hearth at night after supper has been finished. Little Jack is supposed to be sound asleep in his little bed in the far end of the room. He is mentioned in the conversation, as is always the case. One of the older brothers, turning and glancing in the far corner of the room where the little bed is that furnishes several hours of rest each night to the little twisted and drawn body of Jack, satisfies himself that sleep has enveloped little Jack. He then says with *pity* evident in his voice: "Poor little Jack. He'll never amount to anything, for he will never be able to support himself. We must all determine to be able in after years to support him and provide for his happiness, if happiness it can be called. It is so bad he is crippled, for he is so very,

very bright." The other brothers agree and indorse the assertions and opinions of the speaker. The old mother is sad, silent, and thoughtful. She cannot believe as her sons do.

But little Jack, deformed and twisted in an awful shape, is not asleep. He hears all that is said. His little fast-developing brain is all awhirl. And oh! where is the person who ever suffered more severe pain without a murmur, whose heart was ever more wrenched by words overflowing with pity, whose soul was ever more shadowed by the outbursts of brotherly love, whose face was ever more flushed by the boiling blood of ambition heated by an unwarranted and unstable expression, whose eyes were ever more completely bathed with tears of helplessness, whose aspirations were ever more seriously shattered? Who knows what awful darts of pain pierced and rent little Jack's heart? Who knows what determination was born in that little heart when those

cruel words of *pity* reached him—determination that would not surrender until success overcame his afflictions? Who knows but that God, in that mysterious, lovely way known but to those who are in sorrow, filled little Jack's soul with a promise that killed the sting of those words which were spoken through love and pity and stimulated him to look upward with renewed hope—a hope that he could not share with any living soul because of the prevalence of that abominable opinion that a Cripple can never amount to anything?

His brothers and other folks would have only pitied him the more and talked pityingly to him if he had told them that he would amount to something some day. God was the only one with whom he could afford to confide the sweet secrets of his sacred ambition.

And God alone knew of the daily, yea, hourly, prayers that little Jack offered up to his single Confidant. Only God knew of the pathetic pleas made by this little fellow,

whose heart and mind were all the while thrilled and filled with high aims and exalted desires to become a man in mind and morals, if not in body—to become a human dynamo for the uplift and help of forsaken humanity.

Four or five long years passed, and Jack was showered with pity by his brothers, who thought it was not so very necessary to expend money and trouble in educating him, as he could read, and that was sufficient to pass away his lonely hours—sufficient to mingle sunshine with shadows until his little immaculate soul should be separated from its little haven of helplessness, the tiny body of twisted form.

But that precious, divine promise that was undoubtedly made to little Jack on that night when his little heart was so horribly and cruelly wrenched was soon fulfilled. He was placed in school, where he remained several years. The first year after he left school his name was on the lips of millions, and he was the topic of

discussion in a million homes—all because he had done something unparalleled in the annals of American boyhood. One day he will become a living lesson, whose greatest object will be to teach the masses to quit bestowing empty pity and to begin furnishing real help, to provide as equally for the Cripple as for the strong.

And so it is with all crippled children. They are always the objects of pity. Their unsightly deformities, their unusual weaknesses, their terrible afflictions are the subjects of discussion at all times, either in their presence or in their absence. Where is the crippled child that has never been questioned thousands of times as to his condition, his ability to overcome his shortcomings, and as to the causes of his trouble? Where is the child hampered by physical infirmities or deformities that has not noticed and been humiliated by the vulgar stare of the public and heard the countless conversations regarding his pitiable position?

A murderer may escape the throes of the gallows and go into a strange country and build up his lost reputation and restore his happiness without the populace knowing of his past. A man may break a national bank and do innumerable other dark deeds of like magnitude, and in a few years it all will be forgotten and undiscussed. A woman may sink into the very depths of degradation and sin and may outlive it by going to a strange land and reforming. Everybody, in fact, who has suffered the pains of misfortune and anguish may in some way get surcease of sorrow part of the time—everybody but a Cripple. He carries his sign with him. His afflictions are constantly goading him and causing him pain because the curiosity and the pity of the well people will not let him forget for one single moment his unfortunate shape. In the midst of a conversation and among a crowd, when probably he has for the time being forgotten that he is not like other men, some one is

sure to interrogate and cross-examine him as to how he came to be in such a position, mercilessly inflicting upon him the punishment resultant from ten thousand silly and uncalled-for questions.

People will not ask a man why he murdered a certain fellow years ago. They don't want to remind him of something that is evidently disagreeable. People with half sense will not ask a poor girl why she went wrong years ago. They fear that they might hurt her feelings, yet they pity her. But the people in general are madly prone to disregard all these things when they come in contact with a crippled or deformed person. They free all the pent-up curiosity and pity which they keep from the other classes, and hurl the same at the head and the heart of the physically imperfect one. They act as if the Cripples have no feelings—that they have not the same pride, self-respect, and feelings that characterize the other classes of troubled humanity. No one

would want to lay the blame on anything other than pity or ignorance and bad breeding.

If the parents of this land only knew what an awful example they are setting daily before their children, if they knew what pain and heartaches they are sowing and fostering by their unthoughted actions along this line of social conversation, they would immediately change their course and resolve to teach by word and example the awfulness of such folly. They would instruct and drill their little children so thoroughly that the children would not humiliate and embarrass every Cripple that they might see by staring and asking hundreds of questions that need not be asked by any one, especially by young folks.

Pity without sympathy, without mercy, and without help is empty, wasted, foolish. To illustrate the emptiness and foolishness of pity under such a condition this true story is mentioned:

A deformed young lady sat silently in

a waiting room of a railroad station in Arkansas, patiently awaiting the arrival of her train, which had been reported several hours late. Her deformity made her the object of all the vulgar stares imaginable. She was refined, educated, and far above the average in intelligence. She could but notice the large number of people standing about her with their eyes blared and their filthy mouths dropped wide open in wild wonderment. Some were so low-bred as to talk loud enough for her to hear what was being said about her deplorable afflictions and to hear the immeasurable amount of pity that they were offering her in her awful condition. But not one had the sense to offer her any material assistance in helping her on the train and caring for her baggage. They did not want to hurt her feelings. Yet they were eagerly willing to humiliate her beyond expression, almost even beyond endurance, by gazing at her in an idiotic manner. How can such narrow-minded-

ness exist in this country of enlightenment?

But here is the difference. A man who had common sense and good breeding was also present. He had inwardly cursed the crowd for their manifest ignorance and their brutish way of watching the poor deformed being whose pride and self-respect were much in evidence. When the train whistled, this man of good breeding pleasantly proffered his much-needed assistance in helping the unfortunate young lady to board the train. The ignorant mob, composed of the élite of the community—fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts—stood by and still gazed at the helpless girl as she was lifted into the car, their hearts overflowing with pity.

Now the question: Which is the young lady's choice when her memory reviews this particular occasion—the gentleman who provided help or the mob who stood idly by and pitied?

And as a direct consequence of the pre-

vailing custom of pitying, the crippled class has been made to suffer to the limit of endurance. The Cripples have been disgracefully neglected by the State and Federal Governments, inasmuch as no educational provisions have been made for them. They have always received the State's pity, while the deaf, dumb, blind, and orphans have received the real and needed assistance. The Christian organizations have also showered oceans of pity upon them, while these same organizations have spent a great part of their money in foreign fields in an effort to help the heathen. The majestic educational institutions erected and maintained year in and year out by the Christian people for the education of the heathen and the poor are the noblest monuments builded since the dawn of Christianity. But how many have been built and endowed for the Cripples?

The fraternal organizations often get a good spell on and raise money to provide

food for the starving Cripples on the wayside, who would not have needed this charitable offering if these same organizations had only helped to provide for their education in years gone by.

Would to God that the day were here when this hellish and empty PITY that has so long been shown toward the Cripples to their deep sorrow would be superseded by mercy and sympathy of the real and valuable sort!

Then the suffering and embarrassed heart of many a Cripple would be relieved to the extent that his saddened life would be brightened and beautified, and his soul would be made happier, and his ambition would be made realizable, and his pleasures would be intensified, if the people would only learn to help instead of to pity—would learn to consider him as an equal human being and give him an equal chance with other humans and not force him in a position where life is made a veritable Hades!

THE CRIPPLES' CHRISTMAS.

AGAIN the holiday season is at hand. Its significance is again the great theme and the subject of universal discussion. No one can think of Christmas without thinking of its meaning or trying to fathom its depths. Other times and seasons may come and go without calling forth a thought from the many as to the real significance involved, but with Christmas it is vastly different. It means something special to everybody, and it creates in every mind a desire to enter more deeply into the soul of that which it means to him.

That which perpetuates the great and joyous season of midwinter is the young people. It is the eagerness with which the young folks look toward the coming of the enjoyable day and their joyful anticipations that make Christmastide endure. Without the children to make happier and without the manifestation of their happi-

ness Christmas would lose its luster and would become but a day of the month. It is but the fulfillment of the Divine Plan for the old to enjoy and love that which the young enjoy and love; thus Christmas has its cheer for the grown-ups.

Yes, Christmas has come. It has thrown its invisible but immaculate robe over the entire world and has smothered in the heart all the dying embers of animosity, of selfishness, and of everything that is bad and sordid. The heart of every one has been filled and thrilled with an irresistible desire to do good, to make somebody happy, to celebrate the birth of Him who, by his coming, made love possible.

On every hand one can see the brilliancy of the season's spirit; but probably the most realistic and attractive picture that one can behold in the mind's eye is afforded by the many millions of pupils and students of public and private schools of the world, especially of the United States.

THE UNHEARD CRY

Just for a moment close your eyes to the objects about you and let your imagination reign supreme. Look! See the great army of boys and girls in every section of these United States who make up the matchless student body of the thousands of schools. They are preparing to go home to spend the holidays with father and mother, with brother and sister, with old friends and schoolmates—preparing to go away from the scenes of their studious work and enjoy the indescribable pleasures that always come to the schoolboys and schoolgirls. If you will notice carefully, you will see all nationalities, all sorts of individuals, coming out of yonder school. See the happiness written brilliantly on their bright faces! This extreme hilarity is intensified and made the stronger by the feeling with which they are obsessed, a feeling that they have been arming themselves for the affray of life! They have a well-founded hope of being something one day. No wonder they are so happy!

Now look to your right and you will see another great and superb institution of learning—a school for the blind. Even on the faces of those poor and sorely afflicted boys and girls, who realize deeply that they will never look upon the physical and material beauties of this wonderful world, there are illumining smiles. On their faces one can see that which springs eternal in every youth's breast—hope. They also are happy because they have been learning in that school a way to brighten their otherwise dark and dismal path.

This time glance to your left. There, in all its matchless grandeur and impressiveness, stands a great and noble monument to the commonwealth in the superb form of a school for the deaf and dumb. Pouring out of its broad doors are hundreds of speechless, deaf children, who know nothing of the sweetness of the human voice nor the melody of song nor the swaying sound of music, who cannot articulate the words that make the rhythm of the lan-

guage we love so well; yet their smiling, radiant faces bespeak a wonderful spirit of cheerfulness, happiness, and hopefulness. They are going home to loved ones to spend the Christmas holidays, their fertile minds overflowing with food from the storehouses of knowledge and their souls exuberant with the promise of a life worth while after their education is completed. They have been preparing to make the best of their lot by crowning affliction with noble thoughts and useful labors and Christian acts.

Increase the stimuli of your imagination so that you may go abroad to see the sights afforded by the countless millions of little Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, and the like, who are being educated at the enormous expense of many millions annually by the Christian people of America and the other nations. They too are intensely happy, anxiously awaiting the coming of their king of kings, Santa Claus, of whom they knew absolutely nothing until our mission-

aries invaded their jungle homes to tell them of the Saviour. These little heathen are leaving their schools for the holidays, their minds filled with many new and strange things. Take a good look at all this infinite happiness while you may.

If your vision has not been impaired; if your eyes have not been blinded by the dazzling brilliancy of what you have just seen in the way of radiant-faced youngsters, civilized and uncivilized, who have been recognized the world over by the government and by the Christian element as material worth caring for and developing; if you are not too much elated, wrought up, over your imaginary trip around the globe and over the wonderful sights of youthful happiness and childish hopes and anticipations that you have just witnessed; if your soul is in a fair condition to sustain a severe shock, undergo a sudden transformation from a spell of happiness to a siege of sorrow, just come with me and turn your eyes from those

heights of hilarity and hopefulness, turn them downward toward that distant dell of despair and despondency—that cursed valley of vagrancy, of sadness, of suffering, of forlorn hope.

In the twinkle of a star that matchless and pompous panorama of the region of the blessed and assisted which has just been the object of our admiration is changed into a terrible vista of pitiable sights. It is the Canyon of the Cripple.

See! Down yonder in those doomed and dismal depths are a half million poor, unhappy beings—human in body, though slightly deformed and distorted, human in soul, human in heart, human in mind, human in ambition—but neglected, ostracized by the government, overlooked by the Christians, deserted by their own flesh and blood, outcasts of society, enthralled in a condition of physical and financial helplessness, burdened by a yoke of ignorance, and seemingly forgotten of Heaven!

For them there are no great nor small

schools and universities to leave, no schoolmates to bid good-by, no places provided for them by State or individual where they may leave, when the holidays come, as others do, with souls buoyant with sustaining hope and assurance of a life of usefulness; no nights to spend in dreaming of what achievements may be theirs in future years; no bright and beckoning star toward which to gaze while meditating over the stern realities of a life hampered by affliction—no, there is nothing for them other than sighs from the heart and tears from the eyes when Christmas comes.

Oh the pathos of these heart-rending scenes, of these actual and terrible man-made conditions!

No wonder that some doubt the existence of a loving, merciful, and just God when they chance to look about them and see the neglectful and heartless way in which these helpless unfortunates are treated by the very ones who pose as the centerpiece of Christian endeavor and ex-

ample! No wonder that the Churches fail in getting the unanimous support of all thoughtful people, many of whom cannot see the justice in expending millions yearly for the education of thousands of heathen at the utter neglect and ruination of a half million Cripples, who could be given a part of the time and money and not only be helped to learn of God and His wondrous promises, but also be taught to fulfill their missions and utilize God-given talents!

Foreign missions has its virtue, its place in the Divine Plan; but have not the Cripples of our own country a place in this life, a position in the world, other than that of being occupants of the neglected and forsaken regions? Are they not worth as much to God and to humanity as the Christianized Savage? How can it be consistent, in the sight of the Almighty and in the sight of man, to overlook these sufferers and would-be self-supporters in order that heathen may learn to read, to send them to the poorhouses and paupers'

graves that the heathen may go to school and learn of the ways of Western Civilization? The Cripples' illiteracy in this country of enlightenment is far worse than that of the heathen in their haunts of intellectual darkness.

Jesus said preach to the whole world. He also left an example, beautiful in the extreme, when He knelt by the lame and when He opened the eyes of the blind. He never intended that the one should be cared for and helped in countless ways at the utter disregard of the other. Neither do the Cripples expect or wish to be helped while all other unfortunate humanity is neglected. They only desire, and Justice only demands, that they be given a chance.

Because of the lack of education and industrial training there are hundreds of Cripples forced to beg for alms, their only means of support. In our large cities are chair, broom, and mattress factories for the blind; tailor shops, printing plants, and the like for the deaf. For the Cripples

there are usually a few overcrowded charity wards. Is the difference evident?

Yes, Christmas has come. It has brought its profound feeling of peace, happiness, and good will to everybody; it has filled all with sanguine spirits, animated the hearts and souls with laughter and liveliness, and convinced all of the gloriousness of the day it commemorates—all but the Cripples!

But would it be unwise or, worse still, unappreciative to hope that the next Christmas may be still brighter, still more glorious, still more commemorative by there having been started in the meantime a move toward establishing somewhere in this great Nation of Christian endeavor a school for the education of the Cripples—an institution that will shine in this modern age with as much brilliancy and splendor as did that unfixed orb in the galaxy that led the Wise Men of the East to the place where Love was born more than nineteen hundred years ago?

THE CRIPPLES' INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

IT is a superb sight. Situated on one of the most beautifully picturesque hills and overlooking all that goes to make a modern and growing city of the American type, it is without doubt the most wonderful, the most worthy, the most gloriously useful institution ever conceived by mortal man—the Cripples' Industrial College. It was erected and endowed by countless thousands of thoughtful, sympathetic, and unselfish American people for the sole and sacred benefit of the innumerable maimed and handicapped boys and girls of this country, whose pitiable predecessors were disgracefully neglected and heartlessly overlooked to the extent that they lived a life of agonized suffering of mind and body and died an almost ignoble death, without having known the infinite joys of realized ambition, without having done something cre-

ative, something helpful, something worth while.

This colossal college, whose magnanimous mission is fraught with all that is godly, towers magnificently above all other structures and institutions of that city as a gigantic and everlastingly appropriate monument to the spirit of brotherly love that Jesus so beautifully inaugurated and exemplified while on earth. It stands as a credulous proof that the world is growing better and that the evolution of Christianity is rapidly nearing perfection. By its noble purpose it augments that which will remove from the minds of the many those erroneous ideas concerning the sincerity and stability of the adherents to the great institution of religion. To the noncommittal, the sinful, and the dubious classes it speaks more eloquently and with more force and does more for the glory of God and Christianity than half of the exhortation of the ministry.

The very sight of its matchless student

body of deformed, crippled, and incapacitated persons, who are goaded by affliction and who are continuously meeting nothing save discouragements and impediments—yes, the inspiring sight afforded by these unfortunate boys and girls hard at work in the various departments of this greatest of all great industrial schools in an effort to master some trade or profession that will provide a means to be independent in a life hampered by physical shortcomings—the sight of all this is enough to furnish sufficient stimuli to the soul of every discouraged and disheartened man of normal strength to keep his ambition and energy up for a lifetime. It compels him to be thankful for his health, strength, and normal physique, to hope, to pray, and, last, to conquer. Every one that is weary, worn, and blue profits by seeing the one school that helps people that are as helpless as babes to laugh at fate and make misfortune smile.

The uniqueness of this college is as no-

ticeable as its object is commendable. Although it is several stories high, it has no stairway, as have all other schools. Elevators are used altogether for the students, all of whom are crippled or deformed in some way. Some cannot walk, being affected with paralysis and rheumatism and scores of other troubles; some can walk with the aid of crutches and mechanical contrivances; others can get around, but have the use of only one arm; some few have neither arms nor feet, while still others have cork limbs and are apparently perfect from a physical point of view. In short, the enrollment is made up entirely of physically imperfect yet mentally sound subjects. Every known deformity of body may be found in this remarkably unique and useful educational institution. Roller chairs, tricycles, crutches, braces, peg legs, and canes are seen and heard on every hand. The aisles in the classrooms, in the auditorium, in the study halls, and everywhere are wider than those in ordinary

buildings, and there are no steps nor other inconvenient makeshifts so common in the school buildings throughout the land. The creative mind of the architect was taxed to its limit while drafting the plans of the structure which was intended to serve the handicapped in every way known to comfort and convenience. It was not erected in accordance with the prevailing plans of the common and conventional colleges. It has a distinctly singular mission, and its buildings and furnishings must necessarily be in keeping with the object. Hence one sees in this grand educational edifice all that the progress of the present can furnish.

A glimpse into the crowded study halls and classrooms will impress one indelibly. There may be seen hundreds of healthy, strong-minded young folks, with twisted bodies and curled limbs, who are being taught by master minds everything that will be of worth to them in life. They are learning trades and professions that will

be possible and practicable to follow in their physical condition. No one is allowed to study anything and specialize in it when it would be impossible to become an adept in the same in after life on account of one's affliction, as it is believed and rightly taught that God gives every one a talent, the training and practice of which are within the bounds of one's capability. Thus it would be foolish to instruct a one-armed person in surgery or to try to train a one-legged man for military pursuits. Therefore each person that is brought into the college is placed in the hands of a competent board or faculty. This body of experts will examine the individual and ascertain his likes and dislikes, his inclinations and detestations. They then discover what he is fitted for and accordingly assign him to his proper place in the school.

The girls are taught those branches that are suited to the individual taste and capabilities. Some take art, some learn stenog-

raphy and bookkeeping, drawing, fancy sewing, music, and voice, while others take a thorough literary course and so on. The boys are taught a score or more of professions and trades. Some who are brilliantly adapted to journalistic work are trained in that line, others take bookkeeping and shorthand, while still others make great strides in photography, mathematics, literature, pedagogy, the sciences, political economy, and law. A few master theology and elocution. Every one is taught, trained, and drilled in some useful vocation which will keep him from the ranks of the beggar and place him in a state of independence and usefulness.

And the result:

This college is annually turning out Stephenses, Byrons, Popes, Scotts, and the like, who will leave their names and imperishable works as undying legacies of the Twentieth Century when the cry of the Cripple was heard and answered as God centuries ago intended it to be answered.

This college is daily proving the contention of the Cripple that he is not worthless, that all he needs is a chance like that given the normal fellow by the laws of the land and by the Christian and fraternal organizations. This college is convincing people everywhere that it is a national crime to overlook and pass the Cripples by in the maddened race for gold and in the struggle to educate, humanize, and Christianize the negroes of the African jungles. This college is striking ponderous blows at selfishness, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness, all of which have been the worst enemies, except neglect, that ever harmed the crippled class and held it in a bondage of damnable degradation. This college is showing the world that a man deprived of the use of his members is no more helpless than the person who is denied the power of speech, the sense of hearing, and the ability to see; the class that has been nurtured, taught, and cared for by the State and the Church and indi-

viduals for years upon years; the class that has produced such personages as Helen Keller, who has lent to the treasury of time some of its brightest and most priceless jewels. This college is speaking in fiery words of eloquence for the cause of Christianity, exemplifying the fact that the tree is judged by the fruit it bears. This college for the training of the helpless is one of the greatest and most valuable friends of society, inasmuch as it is helping to decrease the appalling number of the objects of charity that have in the past borne themselves down upon society in a pitiable condition of helplessness. In a nutshell, this college is the fulfillment of the Divine Injunction which embodies brotherly love, unselfishness, sympathy for the suffering, help for the weak, relief for the needy, and all that contributes to the cause of Christianity.

. . . . . .

Let's glance at the student body again. Directly over the happily hopeful heart of

each of these struggling students is worn a beautiful blue badge on which is embossed in white three capital letters, "C. I. C." To the visitor but one thought enters his mind as to the significance of this letter trio—he readily thinks it stands for the name of the institution, "Cripples' Industrial College." To the outside world it does stand for that.

But to the beneficiaries it means vastly more; for in those three letters that compose the mysterious monogram worn by these students reposes a question that has confronted and perplexed for ages upon ages every crippled person starting out in life—a question that has been asked millions of times with a sob, a heart throb, asked with the same expectancy and hopefulness yet uncertainty that characterize the pleading of a condemned criminal for clemency. Not until the organization and completion of this college for the physically condemned was that long-asked question satisfactorily and correctly answered.

Now the crippled boy or girl, when he or she gets old enough to think of the ensuing struggle for independence, may ask the old, old question: "Can I Conquer?" This great endowed college, awaiting him or her, makes possible the transposition of the vitally important question, which then becomes a dauntless declaration in the form of a reply: "Conquer I Can!"

And, thank God, that answer is the embodiment of truth itself. They can conquer—these condemned Cripples—if they are given a chance. God inculcates in the mind of every man and instills in his soul a desire to conquer. Without the propensity of conquest with which he is endowed by his Creator, man would never have reached this high stage of civilization. He would never have got control of the beasts of the forests, nor the waters of the streams, nor the lightning of the air, and all of creation. He would have been a groveling and growling animal of the

beastly type, the object of all the terrific forces in the category.

Therefore God deprives no one of the powers of mastery and triumph. To those who cannot overcome by muscular strength and power He gives the mental acumen and alertness and also spiritual strength. Alexander Stephens was an invalid and unable to go to the front in the War between the States; yet he remained at home and with a statesman's skill helped guide the course of the Confederacy and her armies. His physique was as a frail dwarf; his mentality was giantlike. He conquered and died a hero—an historical character. His cultivated brains and not his brawn did it.

. . . . . .

However, in the conclusion of this chapter I must beg pardon from my reader for having written the above as if there really were such a college or school in existence. It was done with the hope that it might cause the masses to think, to see the prac-

ticableness and the imperative need of such a wonderful institution, and to come to an understanding as to what I mean when I declare that the Cripples should be educated as all other persons or classes.

In truth, the college described here is but a school of my dreams. The city in which it is located is but the fruit of my fancy. The students, however, are real—you may see them daily in your locality, each one's bleeding and bursting heart echoing that outburst of the Meek and Lowly One on the Cross: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But something tells me and hundreds of others who believe in the wondrous promises that the day is not distant when we may hear His precious voice and see His face in all of its ineffable glory in the persons of these weary, worn, and worthy crippled children, whom I, in my fancy, have placed as students in the college of my contemplation, in the city of my imagination.

TO A CRIPPLE'S MOTHER.

ANONYMITY has encouraged the revelation of many a soul's sacred secret. It has fearlessly dictated many wonderful letters, which have bared the heart and disrobed the soul and shown the world their throbbing and pathetic contemplation and condition. Anonymity has furnished the ghastly ghost in the closet of life sufficient strength to stalk in the open.

But rare indeed is it that identity ever accompanies written confessions that crime has been entertained, that the heart has been steeped in awful thoughts, that through love it has frantically planned and pondered over fiendish deeds.

Yet just such a confession was not long since made to the author of this book by a lovingly devoted little mother of West Tennessee, made in a letter over her signature. The handwriting, the composition, the spelling—all show that the perplexed mother is educated, refined.

The letter that tells so much, that depicts the real condition of the sorrowful parents of crippled children, follows in full, but the writer's name is withheld through respect for the confidence reposed:

"——, TENN., February 16, 1914.

My dear Sir: Your excellent and truth-laden articles that have been appearing in the large dailies of the South appeal so to me that I want to ask you a question: Could one insignificant mother of a Cripple, a little girl, whom I fear in time will have to make her own living, do anything that will help to remedy the heartless and thoughtless attitude of the people toward the Cripples? My heart and brain were already full when I read your articles, which make me almost wild, frantic, to do something. Why, I have time and again in recent days entertained — yes, encouraged — the thoughts of sending my child's soul on to God—He loves the Cripples—but thoughts of my own soul prevented! I have thought of all you have said and a thousand things more concerning my Cripple, my precious baby—she was not born that way, though—it was infantile paralysis. I trust you will spare enough time to answer my questions. Time is flying, and I would gladly go through purgatory fire to make my child safe after I am gone—that is, not helpless. You have written of conditions just as they are; now write and keep writing on a remedy.

Yours most sincerely, ——.

A magazine article lies unfinished upon

my desk, the work of days, a thing of polished, hard-won phrases. It is overflowing with all that a young writer can command; it tells of the achievements of some of our greatest men and women who have fought under hundreds of hardships and countless handicaps. It shall be finished on another day.

For I have thought of the thousands of persons who will read this book—persons who need to know the sacred secret revealed in the little, faintly perfumed missive from the bleeding-hearted mother. And I have thought of the light that this anguished cry will reflect upon the appalling conditions that disgrace our fair America—the conditions that enslave almost one-half million of Cripples, who stand daily upon the threshold of the poor-house and who nightly kneel before a God whom they can but hope will soon see that their suffering is relieved here on earth as it most certainly will be in Heaven. When

I thought of all this, I pushed aside the unfinished story of success.

And if this message that I am writing instead reaches you, Little Mother, and cheers your aching, troubled heart of hearts, I shall be content. Fight on! The world is still a house of terrible dreams, but Justice always hears. The Star shines ever over Bethlehem to guide the Wise Men to the Manger.

If the day has come when such as you, Little Mother, so pure, so loving, so true to your baby's welfare and happiness—if the day has come when such as you are driven to distraction and made frantic over the thoughts of the future of your afflicted child to the degree that you entertain for one moment the thought of hurling its little soul back to the God who gave it; yes, if the thoughtlessness of the unselfish people has let such a day come and will continue to allow such a day to linger—then all that seemed to make life worth the while was a mean lie!

Cheer up, Little Mother! Dawn pulses in the womb of night! I bear this consolation to you. Your letter to me, in which you spilled the blood of your bleeding heart, yes, your letter in which you confessed your frantic designs of murder, caused by your mad and motherly love for your helpless child, whose future now looks so dark and gloomy, will certainly inspire Christian men and women to go where poverty has choked the home, where affliction has cursed the fireside, and where neglect has hovered its terrible, darkening shadows upon the hearth! It will cause the Angel of Mercy to hover about instead.

There was a day on which God gave His Son unto the poor and the helpless; and if it be that your babe and those of thousands of other devoted little mothers cannot find mercy when their feeble and faint cries are heard, then God's own sacrifice was in vain.

Yes, time is flying, Little Mother, and

it will be but a short while until the unjustness that now exists will be tempered by mercy and will be made just.

And when that day comes, your little babe will have as bright a future as either the deaf or the blind. Her little arms will not have to be entwined about your neck on account of her helplessness, and her little brain will not be weak and untrained; for both the State and the people will see that she is given the same thorough mental training that is furnished all other unfortunates.

Yes, Little Mother, you can do much to help bring about this needed change of unjust educational opportunities, more than can the mother that has not a little crippled girl to inspire her to take up the noble and godly work.

So take my advice and look up, pray and be ready when the call comes, which will not be long.

God will care for your babe in the meantime.

WHAT THE CHURCH AND THE STATE MEAN TO THE CRIPPLE.

THE State Teachers' Association had just closed a big and enthusiastic meeting in Little Rock, Ark. The papers had column after column of news matter and speeches and addresses dealing with the great progress of the Public School System of the State. A certain class of readers read each and every line with feverish eagerness and interest with the hope of finding mention of a phase of the educational work heretofore grossly neglected. But such hope and search resulted in dismal failure.

One of these readers is now a grown young man, with the boiling blood of patriotic youth in his veins and with a deep-rooted love in his whole being for his country. He writes the author the following letter, which presents a ponderous argument for the immediate solution of a

problem that confronts in unjust but colossal form every young boy and girl in a condition similar to that of this young man:

My dear Friend: You are eminently able to present to the public the claims and pleas of the uneducated Cripples of America and the demands of Justice. I have been reading with profound interest your articles dealing with a condition that should make both State and Church blush. Too, I have been reading of the great growth of our public schools and educational institutions of the State. I have, therefore, determined that I would write you a letter and give to you the assurance that what you have written regarding us Cripples is true in every detail.

When a small boy upon my father's knee I was told I lived in a republic which came about as a result of a long and bloody conflict for freedom and for self-government. In answer to my childish questioning as to what was meant when one mentioned government, he told me in simple words, in order that my uncultivated mind might grasp and understand fully, that a government was maintained for the perpetuation of peace, prosperity, and protection among a people within a certain boundary and that its expenses were borne by a revenue known as taxes and paid by the people. He told me that our government was supposed to exercise its power in upholding the Constitution, which provides that no person shall become the object of discrimination and that all shall have an equal show, as far as the government is concerned. He told me why this country

was settled and why our forefathers fought for seven years for relief from the overbearing actions of a country that tolerated classes and castes. He went on to tell me that a great portion of the money collected as taxes by my State was used for the support of the public educational system, which now embraces the grammar school, the high school, the State university, the State normal, the four agricultural schools, the institutions for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb.

But as I grew older I came to the realization that my father was somewhat mistaken in his definition of a national and a State government. He was gone from earth, and I had to study out the error for myself. I had no one to ask, for the preachers and the teachers and the politicians all said practically what my father had said.

When I first began to get my eyes open to some things of importance, I was living in the country and was but a small lad—and a Cripple at that. It was then that I began to wonder why it was that all the other little boys got a chance to go to school and that I did not. I did not know then that there were thousands of other little fellows in my same shape, all because they were Cripples, and that they were thinking in their solemn moments the same thoughts that were flitting through my mind. I never for one moment blamed my State or my Church, for my father before his death had told me that the public school was for everybody—everybody that could get to it—and I knew that I could not get to the schoolhouse, for I lived two miles away and the school term of three months always came in dead winter. Moreover, I remembered that my father had told me that the "government of my State did not discriminate on account of condition, color, or race, etc."

Neither did I blame my Church, for I had been taught that the Church was to teach and practice the precepts of a Christ who had said: "Even as you do unto the least of these, you do it unto me." Too, I had heard the preachers that came to my home talk heart-rendingly about the poor, suffering heathen in Africa and Japan and so on, for whom they, in behalf of the Church, were raising money to help carry schools ten thousand miles for these little heathen.

I then could not understand why it was that the Church strove to raise millions of dollars to carry schools to the heathen on the other side of the world when neither it nor the State saw fit to make arrangements to carry me and a half million other Cripples a few blocks or a few miles to a public school. Although years have passed since that time, I have not yet come to know why the preachers and the politicians have united in such ways as have tended to disregard the children of their own flesh and blood in order to provide for others of distant kinship.

Finally luck came my way. My mother moved to town, near the schoolhouse, and I managed to enter school the first time. I made two years in one every year I was in school. I finished the course and got ready for the university. And—my school career came to a sudden and sad end.

Then I, at the age of seventeen, awoke to the fact that what my State and my Church were doing was all a farce, insomuch as that expression "no discrimination" was concerned. It died upon my lips just as it has died upon the lips of ten thousand times ten thousand Cripples in generations gone by.

Why? you will ask. I shall tell you. After laboring

under all the disadvantages and embarrassments and humiliation incident to the struggles of a Cripple in the public school to get the rudiments of an education, I came to learn that my soul's desire for a higher education was beyond hope of realization. Why? Simply because my State had "discriminated," because the legislators who had been successful in getting established a great system of education had ignored the class of humanity of which I was a representative — the Cripple—and had made no provision for me and my kind.

True, there was a University, but no way to attend nor conveniences for me had I got there. Yes, there was the State Normal, but the same obstacles were there also. There were the four agricultural schools; still I as a Cripple had no show there. I could not have got into any one of these great institutions without an attendant, whom I would have had to pay a salary large enough to satisfy him and pay his expenses, besides my own expenses. How could a boy of no means bear the expenses of two in order to get an education for one? The cost would have been at least, including the salary of the attendant and his expenses, three times as much as that of a normal boy, besides enduring the unspeakable embarrassment and humiliation of being "one Cripple among ten thousand strong ones." Last, there were the State institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind. Before I could have gained entrance there I would have been compelled to burst my ear drums or to burn out my eyes or to cut out my tongue; for those institutions are for those who cannot see, talk, or hear and not for those who cannot walk.

Notwithstanding all my unrealized dreams for a

higher education and my hope which has grown forlorn, my heart beats with rapture and my soul is thrilled with ecstasy when I read of the progress being made by those identified with school work in my State, even though I know that the same State has ignored me and all others like me. I can hardly sit still when I hear of the achievements of the graduates of the University and of the Normal, the same schools from which I longed to be graduated but was prevented on account of a neglect that has wrecked greater ambitions than I ever possessed.

But since you have begun your work in behalf of those who now occupy the same position that I occupied, and since the press is with you and the public sentiment, I feel that the little Cripples of to-day will have a better show than was given me and my generation and that they will never have as just a cause as I have to say that the State and the Church have been farces to a neglected Cripple.

Sincerely, ——.

The foregoing letter portrays a feeling that has pervaded the heart and the soul of many a Cripple, not only in Arkansas, but in all other States as well, and depicts without exaggeration a condition of affairs that flaunts nothing less than shame and disgrace into the faces of those who have allowed such a condition a place in the world. The letter evidences much

that is tentative to the thoughts of infidelity and shows that disgust as well as discouragement is experienced by those who have been made to suffer by the existence and toleration of the greatest injustice that confronts educational progress and power. It goes to prove that the utter neglect toward one of the most intelligent classes of human unfortunates is the cumulative effect of what might be termed thoughtlessness on the part of those who have chosen as their profession the teaching of the youths of the country and the elimination of ignorance. For it would seem that the great body of teachers in the Nation would have been glad of an opportunity to remedy the matter if they had only exercised a little foresight and a little thought. But possibly it is due to a failure of the few interested ones to place the real conditions before the august body of pedagogues.

After reading this letter from this young Arkansan who has been denied the privileges accorded others of his State, one

would have to be brazen indeed to look him in the eye and tell him that the Constitution of his State, which provides for popular education, has been carried out to the dot and that the legislators have awaiting them crowns of purest ray serene. It would be hard to convince him that the Church is following in full the teachings of the Lowly One, who, while on earth, never hesitated nor allowed an opportunity to pass to help a Cripple along. This youth knows, as every one else knows, that Arkansas in particular and the other States in general have not provided for the care of the Cripples in other ways than by erecting the poorhouse in which the half-starved and abused unfortunates are confined until death releases them from the hellish chains that bind them while alive.

One does not have to think longer than a moment in order to conclude that the Cripples of Arkansas and of the other States are nothing more than aliens in the land in which they were born. Therefore

through what channels could the Nation expect these home-born aliens to come into possession of true patriotism if the foundation of the whole is education and that be denied them? And who will say that a Cripple is not patriotic? Such a condition of contradictions never before furnished such an affair so akin to chaos.

We are taught that the foundation of the whole Nation is given its stability through the public schools. We are taught that we would have never reached this era of progress but for this system of free education; and for these reasons we have the grammar and high schools, the industrial schools, the university and normals, the institutions for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, all of which are kept up by the taxes paid by the people. We are further taught that education is essential to the strong, the blind, the deaf, the dumb. Silence prevails world-wide when the education of a physically handicapped one is mentioned. He has nothing but his brain

to rely on—and his brain remains untrained.

What does the Church mean to the crippled person? In many instances it becomes as naught in the view of the neglected one. The Church in America says to the Cripple: "Be converted; get salvation; pray, and God will care for you." The Church, on the other hand, says to the heathen: "Become civilized, for the Church will pay your expenses and send teachers and schools and millions of dollars to your very door, although it be ten thousand miles from the home of the Church."

Which is the better off, the Cripple or the heathen? The Cripple is left alone, to grow up in ignorance and filth, if he be poor; left alone to make the best of it in his condition of helplessness and crawl through life, often by the door of the Church, and is not invited or helped in. He is preached to and patted on the shoulder while the work of salvation goes on. The heathen is taken from a home of

bamboo bushes and placed in modern houses, erected at great expense, is taken from the depths of barbarism and placed on the heights of civilization and learning; he is cared for and clothed and treated when sick—all because he says he is converted and believes in a Christ that taught and practiced the helping of Cripples to help themselves.

The writer does not desire nor intend that the reader get an idea that he does not favor Foreign Missions; but he hopes that the reader will readily see that the heathen are getting more than their share, and that Hell is being filled yearly from the ranks of the neglected Cripples on our streets, who are forced to beg and steal and pander because of the neglect that the Church is, in many cases, guilty of.

The Government and the State do practically the same as the Church. The Government will sacrifice thousands of men in battling for the help and protection of the Cubans and Filipinos and so on, while it

has never provided for the care and education and utility of the Cripples here at home. The various States, as heretofore mentioned, have shown no more regard than either the Church or the Government. They have not put forth any effort toward helping the Cripples to help themselves, which can be done in only one way, and that is by educating them in industrial ways suited to their capabilities. And the worst part of it is, the South has come up foremost in this awful and unjust neglect.

Yes, there are approximately one-half million Cripples in America wondering this very moment why the Church and the State have both disregarded them in order to help along everything and everybody else—wondering why the educational facilities, upon which this Nation's growth and power rests, have not been made so as to give them a chance of receiving an education which would help to make them independent and patriotic citizens of inestimable value.

THE CONFESSION OF A CRIPPLE.

THERE are a few immortal letters. Horace and Virgil wrote upon waxen tablets that will outlive the pillars of the Pantheon. The quill of Talleyrand will keep ajar the doors of royal France for generations to be. So long as ink shall mark pathways to yesterday the gracious sentences of Chesterfield will guide us into London's brilliant pump-rooms and lead us back to Mayfair in its stately prime.

In such illustrious company the humble lines that lie upon my desk have little place. And yet they seem to me, in their piteousness, the saddest yet truest words that grief and heartbreak ever wrote.

It was on May Day that the letter came; and as I nervously opened it and eagerly read its childlike confession, I pictured in my fancy the condition under which it was written. I could see the frail form of the pale, forlorn girl leaning languidly against

a table or possibly sitting on a decayed doorstep, penciling laboriously the carefully chosen words that conveyed to me a message from the depths of a saddened soul and a hungry heart. I fancied I could see the rough tablet upon her lap, which not only served as the material on which to write, but also as the object to catch a tear every now and then, whose marks were still visible on the rough paper. I fancied I could hear her sigh as she finished each sentence that told of her throbbing, love-seeking, and ambitious heart, and I could see her as she raised her head to look off in the distance over the meadows and down the lane.

That morning I had watched a large concourse of school children go trooping through the streets of the little city. The very atmosphere was made purer by their merriment. The sky was hung with azure tapestries, and the faint scent of the wild flowers on the mountain side, blended with the sweeter strain of spring-decked or-

chards, was borne into my room by the gentle Ozark breezes. The world was never in a gentler mood. Spring with all its glory surged in the air—Spring, all-promising Spring.

I read her letter again, and all the joy that had pervaded and surrounded me, all the vital, happy forces died, and to my last hour every piteous word of it will be burned into my memory.

And this is what she wrote:

My dear Sir and Friend: Shall the secret of one's soul be told? Shall one's overflowing, aching heart be bared so as to reveal to the world its every throb? Shall the most sacred thoughts of a simple mind be spoken so as to be heard by the ears of the vulgar public? Shall the balmy dreams of girlish hope be interpreted by inscribed words? Shall the terrible death of one's ambition be mentioned?

Over these keen, vital questions I have pondered and prayed and wept—these cutting questions that I have asked myself. I have pondered because of their importance and sacredness; I have prayed for guidance in answering them, and I have wept because of no other way to obtain relief.

Pent up in my heart, which I dare say has almost grown cold and skeptical in the frigid atmosphere in which I have been existing, I have had my secrets. I

have kept them stored away, secreted from the world, even from my mother, and sometimes I feel as if they are unknown to my God.

Walled up with all the self-control and will power that I possess, I managed to keep them all to myself—until you came into my life through the medium of what I term your sermons on the Cripples, which have been appearing at short intervals. I know you are no preacher, and I know just as well that your work is not under the auspices of any Church. But I must say that God has never helped man to espouse a more noble cause than that which you are identifying yourself with.

So this day I have determined that I would unfold to you some things that are more than sacred, for you have touched a responsive chord in my heart with that noble plea you are making for such as I—a plea that furnishes a ray of hope to the young Cripples of the land and a spark of joy to the old ones.

Without precedent, you have been graphically and truthfully painting the real life of a crippled child. You have told of its ambitions, of its hopes, of its air castles, of its fond dreams, of its struggles, of its neglect, of its helplessness, and, last, of its defeat and death and burial in the potter's field. You have told of the cause of all this wrecked ambition and hope, of this shattered happiness and these unrealized dreams, of this life of misfortune and affliction.

But you have failed to tell of the heartbeats of a crippled girl who has survived all these adverse forces and obstacles. You have failed to mention what a crippled or deformed girl's life means. You have not mentioned her struggles of self-sacrifice and her devotion

to the sex of which she is representative, her innate desires and propensities. No doubt your failure in regard to this phase of the subject is due to the fact that you do not know of these things that impel crippled girls to seek seclusion from society and to pray for relief here and, if not possible, for relief hereafter. Because of this, my opinion of your lack of knowledge of the crippled girl's lot, I am now decidedly determined to open the secret cells of my inmost heart and soul, that you may peer in and get a view of the terrors that fill the heart with agonies unmentionable and sighs inaudible.

My confession is not one of joy nor one that disseminates good cheer and sunshine; but, instead, it is the dark side that "I seek to hide from the dear souls I walk beside." I have the utmost confidence in you and only ask that you use for the help of the cause the secret sorrows of my life told to you alone.

When I was a child I did not realize the magnitude of my physical condition. I was happy and often thought it nice to be a Cripple because all did as I wanted them to do. Like every other childish heart, mine knew no sorrows, and the sunshine rarely ceased to shine about me.

But as I grew older every day brought to me new sorrows and strange heart pulsations that only a crippled girl can know. I could see my strong girl friends rush on in their glee, accompanied by the sturdy boys, whose presence seemed to increase the merriment on all occasions. I would follow them to the ice and watch them skate. I would sit near the pond and watch them enjoying youthhood, secretly wishing and longing that I might do likewise. I would grow so cold sitting still

that I would be compelled to go home and spend the rest of the day brooding over the thoughts that such pleasures could never be mine and realizing that every day brought me nearer the time when I must go alone, when I must be an outcast from the circles of my friends, who would soon be grown and in society. Thus I would spend the long wintry months.

Spring always brings renewed hopes. It used to bring such to me. But the inevitable awakening of my fate was not affected by Spring. I would attend the picnics with my friends; but, being unable to keep pace with them, I would soon find myself alone under a shade tree, watching the others enjoying themselves. Did I ever envy them? Ah no! I only longed to be like them. Sometimes they would say: "You don't have a bit of fun. Why don't you play?" Or, with unintentional cruelty, remark: "She can't play this; there's no use to choose her; she can watch the dinner baskets." Pleasure in that, to be sure.

Finally I began to see that there was no room for me—no use of my trying to associate with the able, so I stayed away and tried to occupy myself with other things; tried to blot out the secret longing for the society that every young heart craves; tried to quiet my aching heart and to dry the bitter tears that would often flood my eyes and saturate my pillow as I lay awake night after night. The consoling thought that God was watching over me and that he knew all my sorrows and that he cared for me would cause me to fall asleep, only to dream of seeing the happy young folks of my acquaintance enjoying the sports and pleasures of youth.

After reaching womanhood I became reconciled to my fate and determined that I would devote my life

to creative work, for I believed that I had been endowed with a talent within reach of my physical capabilities, a talent for art. I said to myself that I would devote my life in the studio. I was not yet twenty, yet I was grown in the opinion of all, for I was a Cripple, and Cripples age fast. My wisdom was what might be expected of a frail girl reared under all sorts of discouragements and backsets; I never thought of how I should learn art. There was a teacher of art in my little home village. She took interest in me to the extent that I soon reached the stage where she could teach me no longer, for she was but a novice.

It was then that the blackest cloud that ever obscured the horizon of a young girl's hope rose before me. It was then that the most excruciating pain that ever pierced the heart of a girl, crippled or not crippled, spent itself through my being and left in its wake a torturous sensation of defeat. I discovered no possible way to attend school any longer—I was a Cripple and a girl of no means. My air castles became invisible ruins, and my dreams became nightmares, and my hopes became as the Egyptian darkness. Heretofore my life had been miserable. I had been denied every pleasure that was accorded the strong. But I had been the possessor of happy hope. Now it was gone. I cannot describe in my words how I felt the night I lay awake until the stars ceased to shine—the night that the realization in all its fullness came to me that I would have to go through life suffering untold grief, fighting my secret battles and drifting on the tide of public neglect and aversion—all because I was a helpless, hopeless, moneyless girl, who had never been thought of by those who tell of the beauties and blessings of educa-

tion, those who educate the lowest specimens of humanity in order to be missionary. Life frowned at me, and fate grinned in my face.

There comes a time in the life of every girl, whether she will admit it or not, when she wants a home of her own. Girls naturally shrink from treading the paths of a cold and unfeeling world alone. They long for the protection of the stronger sex. GIRLS WITH PHYSICAL AFFLICTION ARE NOT LESS SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE CHARMS OF THEIR BOY FRIENDS THAN ARE THOSE OF PERFECT LIMB. But they are looked upon as not fit for marriage, and rightly so. They often have chances to marry, but they have a choice in the matter as well. They shrink from selling themselves upon the altar of passion or from marrying worthless characters, just as all true and pure girls do. I have often overheard the remark about myself, "She could marry if she were not crippled."

Now, I want to assure you that marriage never enters my mind, and why should it? I never even allow my imagination to place me in a humble little log house which might be called home; I have murdered all those dear feelings of woman; I have suffered myself to stab every instinct of motherhood and wifehood; I am doomed to be a lonely wanderer on the desert of despair and desolation.

I am reconciled to all that I have heretofore mentioned in my confession; but I can never be reconciled to the causes that have prevented my becoming a trained artist and my painting on canvas the man of my ideals and the babe of my dreams. Why is it that I have been denied the utility of these creative propensities? Your work on the subject of the uneducated Cripples

is the answer. God gave me the talent; but heartless, thoughtless man and woman have robbed me of it. God gave me the desire to get an education; but the State and the Church, at whose shrine I worship, have refused me the mental training. God gave me a love for independence; but conditions as they exist to-day have enslaved me. God gave me the pure heart of a girl; but it has become cold, skeptical, and almost unforgiving. God gave me a soul; but, alas! what are the chances for it?

It is the bright side of my life that the world sees. All my griefs are locked up in the secret chambers of my heart. (You are the only one that ever learned the combination of this lock.) I shall go through life seemingly unconscious of my sore afflictions and my disappointments, but there is an aching void that can never be filled on this earth. It might have been filled once upon a time. God would not have it so, and for this belief I shall put my trust in Him and try to live in the love of His Son who died to redeem such as I am.

Yours in sunshine and shade, ——.

Little Sister, your confession needs no reply; but I will give it to the world, that there may be had a faint idea of just what you have suffered and all others like you. Too, I will venture the presumption that what you have written to me is but a small portion of what you have pent up in your heart. Do not tell me that you have told

me all the secrets that you have, for you have not. You could not. All the words in all the languages of the earth would not be sufficient to convey to the world all that you have suffered—not so much on account of your affliction as on account of the utter neglect that the State and your Church have shown toward you in regard to your receiving an education that would have helped you to become a real, pulsating, creative artist, who would have left to the generations to follow a heritage that would never grow less in value.

I have no consolation to offer you, knowing the present conditions of things, other than to assure you that God had you and your kind in mind when He made Heaven and filled it with angels to play the stringed harps of joy that make the sweetest music that ever swayed the ardor of the soul, to play them at the Pearly Gates, where you shall in due time enter into the beautiful streets of gold that lead to the foot of the Great White Throne.

A PARDONABLE PROPHECY.

FROM the beginning of man there have been false prophets. But he who prophesies the elimination of what is detrimental to society and a burden to the commonwealth; who prophesies the betterment, the enlightenment, and the uplift of humanity; who sees through the superficial surface of conditions the underlying dangers that menace a certain class and prophesies the ultimate result of the same; who foretells the coming of that which will assist the helpless and the forlorn to overcome the impediments with which misfortune fills the path—he who prophesies all this most certainly does not do so falsely.

Therefore it will be expedient to give by way of conclusion my prophetic views relative to the subject of this book, though these views of mine may not be in accord with those who have but casually followed

the rough and rugged route of the neglected and uneducated Cripple.

For, as I write this closing chapter, I peer in the windows of the editorial rooms of the great metropolitan papers and see able editors earnestly engaged in writing powerful editorials in advocacy of the immediate adoption of some remedy for one of the most terrifying and unjust conditions in existence. I see these men wield pertinent pens and graphically describe the treacherous and damnable cruelty that is being perpetrated upon the crippled children of America. I see the papers and magazines overflowing with interesting and forceful articles by fluent writers on the awfulness of the injustice manifested toward those whom God has given great souls and wonderful minds, although housed in twisted and crumpled bodies. I see millions of readers scattered over this Nation perusing these supremely convincing lines and being converted. In short, I see the potent effect of the press and its

power over the people. I see on every hand a wave of disgust and shame at the neglect which has blackened the pages of our educational history and which has hurled into eternity thousands of souls unprepared for the inevitable.

I get a glimpse of the pulpits of the great city edifices of worship and of those of the country churches, and I see consecrated ministers standing before their respective flocks and preaching of the terrors and of the hellishness of the slavery of ignorance of the class that has been the unprotected object of all the thunderbolts of fate, aversion, and oversight. I hear these godly men tell of a Jesus that came "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." I hear them assert in words of eloquence and truth that the cause of Christianity is strengthened and broadened every time it makes a move for the advancement of that which will help

the needy and the helpless, and I hear them add that there is no class of humans more in need of the aid and sheltering influence of the Church than these same forsaken Cripples. I see their faces radiant with the light of a love known only to those of Christian faith and fortitude, and I imagine that I hear their hearts beating with rapture as they determine to set forth in all their might to fight for the helping of helpless humanity. I see these thousands of divines of all denominations unite with the editors, and I know that the result will in time be a ringing victory for the cause. I see success emblazoned in glowing letters of golden deeds and hope resurrected in the breast of every deserted Cripple.

The superbness of the sight changes, and I see all over this country great educators and teachers, who know of the value of education, revolving in their master minds the need of mental training for the handicapped and studiously striving to

perfect plans to provide this need. I hear them agree that education is *desirable for the strong and absolutely necessary for the weak.* I hear them say that the only hope of independence for the Cripple must be based upon a mental training and that the only way to keep him off the shoulders of charity is to give it to him.

I see thousands of club women and charity workers clamoring for a chance to help beautify and save the talents and the souls of the half million deformed and handicapped. I hear them discuss the best ways and means to carry on the noble work begun by the few who lingered long enough in the company of the crippled to discover the essential needs of the same. I hear their ringing voices denouncing the people who act indifferently, and I note the effect of this denunciation. I see that they are effectually helping the crusaders in the solution of the problem of the age, and I see their influence spreading.

Now, since the editors and the preach-

ers and the teachers and the club and charity workers have clasped hands, I see the masses inflamed to a point of profound interest. I am in the midst of countless noises and among the clamoring classes, yet I hear the cry of the Cripple ascend—and, at last, I see the people suddenly pause and listen. I see upon their faces a proof that they too have heard the cry. I see their bosoms rise and fall as they recognize and realize that the cry comes from the ranks of their own kith and kin. I hear them demand that the erstwhile Unheard Cry shall be answered immediately. I see plainly their determination to go and answer, and I feel that the answer, although belated, will not be too late for thousands.

The beauty of the scene shifts again, and I see a concourse of men possessed of brain and energy and love for humanity. I see the legislators of the various States caucus and discuss the advisability of enacting laws that will eliminate the misery of the handicapped by providing for a

system of education that will enable the making of a livelihood. I hear them agree to fight for a bill that will provide a school in each State for every helpless or crippled boy or girl. I hear them dwell upon the difference between a crippled citizen and a crippled charge. I hear them resolve to transform poorhouses into schoolhouses. I note that they have awakened to the fact that the Cripple needs an education as badly as the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and that the State is under obligation to furnish a means to obtain this education, just as much so as it is to any other class.

Through emotional exuberancy I turn around, and there rises before me the great and glorious system of public education in all its completeness. It has been lacking the one part—the crowning part—that of providing for the teaching and training of the crippled child—and now it has that as a response to the old, old cry of the Cripple. The solution has come in

the way of legislation. The people asked for a change of the man-made position of the downhearted afflicted. The change was made by the establishment of a school similar to that of the mute and the blind.

Again a wondrous sight presents itself. I see that not only has the State seen fit to help these encumbered ones, but also the Church. I see great schools in different sections of the Nation for them—schools erected and maintained by the various religious denominations that have come to realize that Jesus had at heart the afflicted as much so as the heathen. In these institutions of learning the formerly forsaken and forlorn boys and girls of bent stature and crooked limbs are being made into mental and moral giants. They are Christian giants in mind, in heart, in morals, and in deeds.

I see noble men and women, whom God has richly endowed with profound tenderness, keen sympathy, and unfathomable love for ill-fated humanity and blessed

with normal physique, good health, and much wealth, open wide their purses and donate large sums for the poor crippled children to attend these great specially built schools and universities, in which all the sciences and arts are taught—institutions that produce men of minds out of physical pigmies. I see the mark of satisfaction upon these noble persons' faces when they chance to see in life a man who, in spite of his afflictions and suffering, has achieved success and glory as a result of having been able to avail himself of the golden opportunity afforded by these wonderful schools.

Too, I behold another sight that is thrilling and pleasing. I see in every city and every town and every village men and women following happily and cheerfully many worthy professions and trades and making distinct success, although crippled, handicapped, or afflicted. I see their wealth, their happy firesides, their valued influence, and all the results of their

indomitable energy, and naturally my thoughts go trooping back to the time when I was a young man and saw these same successful people as helpless children without hope and without a chance to cope with the manifold adversities that beset them. Their country had finally recognized them and their people had ceased to ignore them, and they were making good of the opportunity.

And last, but greater and more glorious than all, I see Jesus as He makes His appearance on earth again to associate with the children of men. I see Him as He looks about at the works of those who have followed His injunction, and, in all His ineffable glory and matchless beauty, I see Him as He raises His hands to shower upon the head of man his deserved praise and hear Him say in a heavenly tone of voice: "Even as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

PART II.

MY EXPERIENCE AS MAYOR BEFORE I WAS TWENTY-ONE.

IF you are so fortunate as to reside in a small Arkansas town and to have an irresistible desire to become one of the most popular and important persons for miles about, just run for mayor and get yourself elected. The very moment the election judges announce that you have been victorious over your opponents, who, too, are striving for recognition in the local Halls of Fame, your popularity is firmly established and begins to spread and continues thus until, a very short while after the Governor issues you your commission and you are inducted into office, you become thoroughly convinced that there is but one position in a small town or city that one may occupy and get a taste of celebrity, and that distinguished position is that of mayor.

But in order to get in line for this constantly sought-for office you must suffer

the pangs of pain inflicted by the most wonderfully mysterious insect known to the denizens of the rural districts of Arkansas—the "political bee." This strange insect hatches out in the rural sections, usually in unfrequented regions, and starts out quite young on a stinging crusade. It is generally conceded that its poor victims become filled with a burning desire to hold office and that there is no panacea for this terrible malady save a trip up the much-traveled "Salt Creek." Sometimes these dreaded pests make their way to villages and towns. In fact, they have been known to reach the large cities, very rarely, however (?).

I was but a mere lad when one stung me. In fact, I was only a few months past twenty years of age when the scoundrel inoculated me with a desire to become mayor of my home town. It filled me with sufficient courage and audacity to announce my candidacy for the prized and honored position. This inoculation, be it

remembered, was supported by my determination to become popular.

At the time of my formal announcement I was the only citizen of the little town of Imboden, nestled in the foothills of the Ozarks, that could see any chance of success—and I was too young to vote. If I had not been a radical optimist, I would have left town between the suns when I discovered, as I did, that my announcement had been received by the voters about as seriously as the third nomination of Debs was received by the Republican and Democratic parties during the last presidential campaign—only worse. It was a huge joke. Something from the regions unknown came to my rescue and wielded such a great power over me that I became sanguine and did not let the apparent obstacles that were stacking up before me discourage my ambition. I doubled my efforts, renewed my courage, greeted my friends, and exercised my initiative proclivities. I dealt a new hand

in the politics of this little Arkansas city. I promulgated a platform.

Hope springs eternal in every human breast! My hopes were based upon the following: A good progressive platform, in which I had incorporated a number of worthy and needed reforms; a pair of trained Angora goats, which were virtually my legs (I am a Cripple, a paralytic); and last, but greater than all, a dozen pretty schoolgirls whom I had appointed as my campaign managers. Too, I was editor of the local paper.

I calculated that if a platform as wonderful as was mine, two butting goats, twelve enthusiastic and loyal girls, big and thunderous editorials, backed up by a big one-hour political speech in the City Hall, couldn't elect me over my two aged and honorable opponents, who had been running for six months, I had better step down and out of the ranks of the would-be officeholders and go to peddling tracts

on "Why Bryan Was Defeated the Third Time."

For three long weeks I labored, struggled, and hoped under the most awful discouragement that ever burdened mortal man. I was unable to convince the majority of my best friends that I, a mere lad, was actually in earnest in my race for the exalted position of chief executive of my little home city. The old cry that would burst forth at almost any time and any place was that I was too young to qualify in case I was elected. They were inexorably inclined to take it as a great joke that I was endeavoring to perpetrate upon the voters.

Finally matters grew serious with me. It was just five days until election when I succeeded in driving the doubt so far out of the minds of my friends that they began lining up for me and pledging their votes and proffering their assistance in every way. How did I do it? I read to them three opinions rendered by the Attor-

ney-General of the State, in which he averred that in case I was elected I could serve the few weeks I was a minor as an officer *de facto* and that my official acts would be valid. Several prominent and well-known lawyers of my section concurred in the opinion of the Attorney-General.

On the night of the election the joke of my campaign was metamorphosed into stern reality when the judges announced that I had been overwhelmingly elected, that a veritable landslide had given me as many votes as both opponents together and a big bunch to throw away. The surprise was as great to me, probably, as it was to my sedate opponents, both of whom were merchant princes and deacons in the Church. The girls, the goats, the editorials, and the speeches of mine—everything that contributed to my campaign—had at last enabled me to get to my first destination on my route of progress which

I had mapped out for myself. I was overwhelmed with pride.

I was elected on April 2, 1912. I was administered the oath of office and had placed into my hands the affairs of the city on May 6, seven weeks later. On July 26 I celebrated my twenty-first birthday. Thus it will be readily seen that I was without a doubt the youngest person that ever took the oath of office in the history of the American Government; and on that account there was thrust upon me the singular distinction of being the youngest qualified and active chief executive in the whole civilized world.

Some few of my disgrunted political enemies said I ought not to have taken charge of the office. But why should I not have done so when an overwhelming majority of the taxpayers had disregarded my tender age and spoken in my behalf, reposing in me a confidence that was worth more than silver and gold? Why should I not have assumed the duties of

the office when the Governor of the State had issued me a commission immediately upon receipt of my election certificate? Why should I have hesitated to be sworn in when the Attorney-General had in three opinions averred that my acts would be valid as an officer *de facto* and that he would in no wise recognize an usurpation procedure or issue a writ of *quo warranto* to oust me from office on account of my age? In my opinion, then and now, there was no reasonable reason contrary to my actions, so I went in.

True, it is needless to state that my experience in municipal affairs was in keeping with my age. Nevertheless, I had ideas and theories the same as the grown-ups—well-developed plans like a veteran of the political arena and, in my opinion, like a scholar of political science (?).

The fact that the interesting story of my unprecedented and unparalleled campaign and election had reached the metropolitan papers by way of the Associated

Press and had been carried around the world, and that my picture and life story were appearing in many high-class magazines, made me realize that I was being watched by others than my confident constituents. It made me determined to guide the activities of my little city as long as I was its ruler in such a manner as would be in keeping with my unique race and as would leave my friends and confidants in as good spirits as they were the day they polled their votes for me and persuaded others to do likewise. Something told me of the great and numerous responsibilities that were clustered around me.

I had been in office but a few days when a realization of these responsibilities came to me. In other words, three months before I reached the legal age of manhood I, a boy of twenty summers, was having every sympathetic chord in my heart touched and handled by wayward women in self-defense and by devoted and heart-aching mothers in behalf of their wild and

reckless boys. I was listening to the pleadings of little golden-haired girls I had known from the cradle for the suspension of the sentences imposed upon their drunken and worthless fathers. I was being daily compelled to try in my court boys with whom I had gone to school only twelve months before, my playmates of yesterday. Yes, while but a child, so to speak, I was sending men old enough for my grandfather to the workhouse and the rock pile for the violation of the laws of my city and my State, which I had been solemnly sworn to protect and enforce. I was putting on probation little dirty-faced youngsters brought before me almost daily for committing countless misdemeanors. In a nutshell, I was carrying the same burdens that laden the shoulders of every mayor of every town and city in the Nation, notwithstanding my young age.

It did not take me very long to discover that the most unpleasant feature of my new position was my necessary personal

encounter with very nearly all my constituents in an unsuccessful effort to explain in a minute and satisfactory manner, after each official act, why I did so and so. One who lives in a large town or city knows nothing and cares less about his neighbor's affairs; but in a small town, where all one has to do is to go to the corner grocery and hear the countless loungers and gossipers discuss and criticize their friends' business and affairs, it is different. I might add right here that a very large proportion of the criticism and subject matter handled by this class is hurled at the mayor, regardless who he is.

Too, in a small town the most troublesome and difficult matters that present themselves before the mayor for adjustment are of criminal nature. In Arkansas, and probably in most all other States, the mayor of an incorporated town is both mayor and police judge—both judge and jury, so to speak—and it falls to him to dispose of all the cases that come before

him on account of some criminal action. Most times the lawbreakers are his best friends, most thoughtful and courteous neighbors. In a moment of anger they do something rash—maybe break a board over each others' heads—and are consequently arrested and taken before the mayor to be dealt with according to the law. It is then that the bitter is discovered among the sweet. True, the trouble arose over some petty something—but the law has been broken, and precedent says it must be enforced, which idea is backed by local sentiment. Most times the offenders settle it amicably by pleading guilty and paying their fines, but occasionally one will declare his innocence. It is then that a mayor longs for a police judge.

I had my share of criminal cases. My office was the scene of many a hard-fought battle. Many a day I pondered and worried over just how to decide a case. In the very depths of my heart I had but one aim, one object: to be just to all and to be as

lenient as was consistent. But in rendering a decision it was invariably difficult, often made so by the insignificance of the charge. Some of the most insignificant beginnings have the most significant endings. There comes to my mind a vivid example: One day two very highly esteemed young men were standing on a prominent corner in the business section of Imboden. One had in his mouth a cob pipe, the other a penny whistle. One grabbed the whistle, and the other retaliated by knocking his friend's cob pipe out of its proper position. One word followed another, and in five minutes' time the two erstwhile good friends were rolling and scrambling in the gutter in a fierce combat. The father of the younger boy, a merchant, looked out the door and saw his son fighting. He rushed in and joined his boy. Others immediately rushed to the rescue of the other boy. In the twinkle of an eye the street was blocked with spectators and fellows fiercely fighting. It

all began over a penny whistle and a cob pipe, which fact goes to prove my assertion that often grave things result from petty things, and especially so in a small town. All were brought before me, and by the evidence brought out in the trial I decided them equally guilty and accordingly assessed them equal fines. Several factions were born. Some said this, and some said that. I was right in the opinion of many and wrong in the notion of others. Thus I have given a true example of the typical case tried in the court of a village mayor. For one whole term I dealt with such without letting myself grow discouraged. I simply did what I thought was right and let the fellows talk. Every mayor has to do this.

Another thing that confronts every mayor of a little town and often provokes and sometimes terrorizes him is his being called upon at almost any time to answer a volley of questions asked as a result of the circulation of some unfounded rumor.

In all parts of the world there are people who are prone to start rumors and who do not hesitate to prevaricate in order to accomplish their unworthy designs; but there is no place in the world where one can be more successful in such a line of endeavor than in a small town. Sometimes these unfounded reports border on the serious, and often they are started in order to play a joke on some one.

I had some experience with the latter kind the first day I opened my mayor's headquarters. Some friends of mine who wanted to see me in an atmosphere of judicial importance started the untruth that the council at its first meeting under my administration had, by my urgent request, put a ban on the boys going in swimming in the beautiful Spring River, that courses its way through the principal part of Imboden. The report spread among the little fellows like a prairie fire before a March wind. I did not know anything of the matter and was just enjoying the quietude

of my cozy little office on Front Street when in rushed helter-skelter a dozen dirty-faced and perspiring youngsters, whose patched and faded overalls covered about one-half of their physical surface, to ask me breathlessly and beseechingly if they might "go in swimmin'." I had hardly given them my consent and informed them that it was false—the report that it was "ag'in the law"—until I heard them in the distance splashing and kicking and diving merrily in the crystal waters of the wonderful little river whose source is the largest spring in the world. They were singing in tones very ungodly—I can hear them yet, I imagine. I had just got comfortably fixed, I well remember, and my mind renovated in readiness to perfect my plans of what I intended to achieve as chief executive, when a score or more of other little urchins, who wanted to be law-abiding and still take their daily dip in "the ole swimmin' hole," shuffled in the door and filled my little office to

overflowing. They too had heard that it was unlawful to swim without my consent. And so it went all day long, little squads of " 'lasses-covered laddies" charging the temple of justice for verbal permits to take a bath—something that no civilized man would refuse them.

It would be an unpardonable error were I to leave the impression that these little face-besmeared fellows were my only visitors during my tenure of office. For probably the greatest stimulus to my enjoyment of public life were the daily visits paid me by my confiding and courteous constituents as well as by hundreds of persons stopping in town for a few hours. Strangers from practically every State in the Union and from very nearly every city of importance in America called on me during the time I occupied the city hall. They all had read of me and desired to meet me.

Too, my well-furnished, cozy little office in the heart of the town was the trysting place of many a blonde and brunette.

They all understood and appreciated the fact that the "boy behind the throne" was an ardent advocate of woman suffrage because he had demonstrated his position in regard to their rights by appointing a dozen of them to manage his unique but successful campaign. They realized still further that his office was the only one in the South, and one of the few in America, where a woman might go and feel that she was welcomed as an equal from a political as well as a social standpoint. Those girl friends of mine, whom I honored by giving them a chance to participate in political affairs, would have sacrificed almost anything for me and my welfare had occasion arisen requiring it. I shall never forget them; and if a crown of greater success is ever placed upon my head, I shall give them the glory.

It required but a few days after my induction into office to conclude that probably the most important unofficial duties that would befall me during my incum-

bency would be those resultant from my being superintendent and general adviser of the municipal bureau of information. This is a very responsible position and carries with it everything but financial gain and personal pleasure. I learned, as all village mayors learn in time, that I must boost my town at any cost or lose the good will of my supporters. I was supposed to be truth incarnate by most strangers and was expected by them to tell the real condition of everything in town and for miles around; and when I did perceive the error of my way at times and did tell the truth, it was all done at my expense, for many of my constituents afterwards took keen delight in telling me that I was solely to blame for So-and-So not locating in the little city by telling said prospective settler that the place was not a good one for a hardware store, *et cetera.* Strangers would come daily to my office on missions of wonderful variety. Some would want to know if Mr. Henderson's

horse was a good animal and free of defects. Another would inquire if Fillmore Sloan rented his land on the shares or for cash; and if the latter, how much per acre. Still others would question me as to the veracity of Ruff Bowers and as to the ability of the leading contractor, Ed Bolding. Some few would ask me to ascertain whether this man and his wife were getting along happily together since their sudden marriage. A thousand and one questions, embracing everything in the category, were put to me weekly by people who seemed to think that a mayor was elected for such work and such work alone.

Hardly had the official seal of the city been placed in my custody and my official stationery been printed before people seeking various jobs began to call at my office for written recommendations exploiting their immaculate character and inestimable worth. Well do I remember one incident in particular. An old half-witted fellow sixty years of age hobbled into my

headquarters one day and implored me to give him a written, signed, and sealed recommendation, to be used in consummating a Hymeneal affair that he had got on foot through a matrimonial bureau of the North. He told me just simply to write my honest opinion of his wonderfully fascinating personality and the like, and he was sure it would be satisfactory. If I had done as he requested—in other words, if I had written my honest opinion—it would have been instrumental in sending him to the hospital for nervous diseases, better known as the asylum. Many young boys, however, I helped in such line of favors.

There is one thing that I have always regretted. If I could have done as many of my predecessors did, perform marriage ceremonies, I should have been satisfied unto the uttermost. But such a privilege was denied me and all other mayors by a decision of the higher courts a few years ago, which decision said that a mayor

could not legally marry a couple in Arkansas and which necessitated an act of the legislature to validate the marriages that had been performed in years gone by. I had thought that no greater glory could come to a young public official like me than that which would most certainly result from the performance of a ceremony uniting for life two happy souls. I looked about me at my young friends who were contemplating such ordeals that are commonly known in Arkansas and longed for that authority to make them one; but such could not be.

Monetary matters were very urgent when I assumed control of the affairs of the little city of Imboden. The administration before me had expended a large sum of money for the construction of several miles of concrete walks and for the improvement of the streets otherwise. Town scrip was dead on the market. It brought no more than half price. But by a method of retrenchment and economy,

instituted by the council under my administration, the commercial value was increased to the extent that those who had purchased scrip at half price profited by a big margin. Debt after debt was paid off, and other matters of similar importance were attended to in such a manner as to leave the town in a very excellent condition in comparison to its state when I went into office. My successor has followed the policy of economical administration and is succeeding in placing the little city in a class to itself.

No mayor ever had a more unusual council than had I. It was Democratic from every standpoint. The members were born and bred Democrats. One was an old ex-Federal soldier seventy-two years of age and thrice mayor of the city, one was a farmer, one a section boss, one a carpenter, and one a brick mason. I was by profession a newspaper correspondent and editor. The oldest councilman was, as I said, seventy-two years of age, and

the youngest was forty-five. I was their leader and began as such three months before I was of age. With these facts before me, I conscientiously believe that no such council ever existed in America before. We worked, as a rule, with unanimous decision and united on all questions of importance. Although heated debates were common in the city hall during the meeting of the council, nothing was ever brought up that did not result in something worth while. These councilmen forgot my age, so to speak, and helped me in doing those things that were imperative to the good of the town. They never seemed to think I was but a boy, but always acted as if they were satisfied with my official routine duties and acts. A mayor must have a friendly council before he can succeed in any way. This I had, I am proud to say.

Often have I been asked if my term as mayor was worth the trouble and bother incident to such a position and if I de-

rived any real benefit and profit therefrom. (The Governor of a State can manage the affairs of a State with much less trouble than can a mayor of a small town manage a town.) To such questioners I always reply in the affirmative, for I most certainly did benefit from my career in politics. My experience with everything connected with my race, campaign, tenure of office, and official acts cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, simply because it all made a man out of me. Although I had been supporting myself since I was seventeen years old by my work alongside that of aged and experienced men, I was not conscious of any real and important responsibilities until I was placed in the position of chief executive of a thriving little municipality, all of whose citizens were continuously and eagerly watching my every act. The salary and the fees that came to me in consideration of my services were the smallest things. No comparison could be made intelligently of my financial

gain with my experience, for day by day as my term progressed I came to realize that I was no longer a lad, that the world was looking upon me as a man in every sense of the term, and that I was expected to act as such. Therefore how can such a position be valued? How important is such a keen realization as that to every young man on the threshold of active life! No, to this day I have not regretted my political venture and experience. Neither have I come to look with scorn and unappreciation upon the good people in the far-away little town who stood by me not only in my campaign and at the polls, but also throughout my official career. To them I shall always be indebted in vast sums.

So profound was the fascination and so keen the enjoyment and so valuable the experience afforded by this particular and prized position that I was urged by the unseen as well as by the seen to acknowledge my "hankering" for a second term

and to announce for reëlection; but I was saved from this and so were my friends and erstwhile supporters by my receipt of an invitation from the citizens of a well-known health resort to come and make my habitat with them with a lucrative salary and manifold opportunities attached. Much as I regretted to leave the little city in which I had been reared and which had so signally honored me at so young an age, I did so with a feeling that probably my getting out into the world and increasing the number of my friends would one day enable me to serve them in a more important and effective way than as mayor. Too, I could stop with the honor of being the youngest ex-mayor in the whole civilized world!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 027 331 784 3